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FRANK LESLIE'S

BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

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THREE BOYS: A STORY OF A HIGH SCHOOL.

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER I.

IT was fine september weather all over the city, but that was a "blue" Monday for Pat Nolan, none the less.

"There'll be no washin' to carry around. There's something in that," he said to himself, as he strolled away down the busy street. "But it's a quare thing to have a stepfather. What'll I do wid him, anyway? Ould Maguire isn't a bad man to kape a grocery, and the like o' that, but thin to have him to kape house for. Mother says she'll do that same, and ould Maguire'll find she'll kape her word wid him, or I'm mistaken. But it's an awful thing to wake up and find you've got a stepfather."

Pat could scarcely be blamed for the way he felt about it, little as he now remembered of his own father.

The Widow Nolan had never dreamed of consulting her fourteen-year-old son when she was considering the question of marrying Mr. Maguire and his neat little corner grocery, all his own. Perhaps, indeed, she thought she was doing a good thing for Pat as well as for his new stepfather; but the youngster would rather have carried home any number of heavy washings for her.

At least, he felt so, that morning, and he determined to take it out in a grand free ramble along the piers and docks and among the shipping.

What between his mother's customers and schooldays, and the other pressing duties of his past life, he had had little enough of that sort of thing, considering what a taste he had for it. A very different-looking pair of boys were at that same moment coming down the front steps of a well-built private residence on the other side of the city. It was higher "up-town," in a more fashionable quarter than Pat Nolan or his mother, or his brand-new father, had been accustomed to, but the two boys were of about Pat's age.

They were accompanied by a dignified-looking, middle-aged gentleman, who remarked, as he closed the door behind him:

"Now, Solomon, my young friend, you're only a day or two left of your vacation, and I must give you a look at the ships before you go."

"I couldn't see too much of them, Uncle Rivington. Van's shown me a good deal."

"Glad of that," said Mr. Rivington. "And you won't see any steamships up at Bunkerville."

"Steam? Hail the people around there don't know yet that steam was ever invented."

"Sol," quietly remarked the other boy, "can't we take some steam with us?"

"Not too much! Not too much!" exclaimed his father, as he noticed a sharp look exchanged by the boys. "You might blow up the academy, or even old Mrs. Porrance."

"That would be bad," said Sol. "I guess she'd 'light somewhere, sooner than most people."

Mr. Rivington gave a subdued sort of chuckle. It sounded as if he knew more about boys than his sober, grave manners and slow speech indicated.

At all events, he hailed a passing omnibus, and they were all three in it quickly enough.

A fine pair of boys they were. Van was the taller and heavier, taking more than a little after his father, but his dark hair curled over a broad and handsome forehead, and there was a look of solid pluck in his rosy young face which promised well for his future.

Sol, on the other hand, was short and broad, with a large mouth and a pair of twinkling gray eyes that might have reminded any one who knew Pat Nolan of the squint the washerwoman's boy could send after his stepfather.

Sol was a country boy, and a Yankee one at that, and this had been his first visit to the great city. Only he and Van could have told how much they had seen of it during the eventful two weeks with which they had wound up the "season."

Vacation was over now, and the two cousins were about to start for their Winter's troubles at Bunker Academy, Van for the first time and Sol for the second. Whether to be glad or sorry was a point upon which they were not as yet altogether clear.

Neither could any one have told, for a dead certainty, whether or not their coming would be an unmixed blessing to Bunkerville and its academy.

It is not often that the smartest boy succeeds in being an unmixed blessing. That is, to the school he is sent to, and it's just as well he is not.

Sol Rogers had so many things to stare at from the windows of that omnibus that he scarcely knew whether any time at all had passed before they got out of it and began to make their way toward the water.

"We'll take a look at the East River this morning," said Mr. Rivington, "and see how they are getting along with the new bridge."

Sol did not reply, for the tall towers and the wire ropes of that bridge had already become a sort of a nightmare to him. He scarcely dared eat a hearty supper, for fear he should dream of climbing across on those wires and getting stuck, somehow, half way over.

"'HAND HER UP, BOYS! YOU'RE THE MEN FOR MY MONEY!' LONG ARMS AND STRONG WERE REACHED OUT FOR THE DRIFTING KATRINA, WHILE A GREAT CHEER AROSE FROM THE CROWDS ON THE FERRYBOATS."

"WANDERING WILLIE"; Or, LOST IN THE BUSH." The Adventures of a Missionary's Son in the Wilds of Africa, begun in our next.

There was plenty to look at, and Mr. Rivington had a great many things to tell in his slow, dignified sort of way. It Sol remembered it all he must have learned how to tell a ship from a brig, or a schooner, a sloop, a bark, from anything else. Then there were steamships, tugs, propellers, river steamers, Sound steamers, lighters, oyster-boats, yachts, and all sorts of things that float and ferry around on the water.

At last they all got upon a ferry-boat, to have a ride back and forth, and a good look down the harbor.

The boat was not crowded at that time of day, but there were plenty of people aboard of her, nevertheless, and great express-wagons piled with boxes and packages, and huge drays heaped with merchandise, and a good many other things to keep the eyes of a country boy busy.

For all that, Sol had not failed to see the prettiest thing on board, and neither had Van, or old Mr. Rivington himself.

Such a little fairy of a German girl, with shining golden curls and a sunny, childish face, that laughed all over and all the while. She was attended only by a very elderly couple, either one of whom weighed altogether too much to be expected to follow that little midget in all her racings to and fro.

They had contented themselves, like Mr. Rivington and the boys, by remaining at the stern of the boat, but they did not seem to be gazing at anything in particular. Now and then the old lady roused herself enough to utter a wheezy "Katrina!"

But as soon as the little curly head had been turned toward her with its irresistible laugh of pleasure, the look of placid content had returned, and Katrina had things all her own way again.

Alas for Katrina!

How should she have bothered her small and merry brain about swells? Such great rolls of water as the big Sound steamers heave up from their pushing sides and send away to the right and left of them for the disturbance of smaller craft!

The ferryboat was not a swift one by any means, but she could not help rocking a little on that swell; and she did so just at the moment when poor Katrina had ventured a step too near the perilous edge of the deck, beyond the guards, dodging under the chains to do so.

A shrill cry of childish fear, a flutter, a splash, and then for a moment everybody seemed to be holding their breath in horror!

Katrina was overboard!

The poor old couple, grandfather and grandmother, were on their feet now, holding out their helpless, trembling hands, and it looked as if they were trying to shout "Katrina!" but could not find their voices.

Just then another form—not a large or tall one—stood out for an instant on the guards, and then there was another splash.

"Brave boy!" exclaimed Mr. Rivington.

But still another form sprang forward, and another plunge followed the first, as if it had been a game of "follow my leader."

"Good Heavens, Van, your cousin has jumped in! Can he swim, do you know? Can he swim?"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Van, "if I only knew how! I'll learn, the first thing I do. Sol says he can swim like a duck."

"You must learn, my boy, you must learn. And yet I'm half glad you don't know how, to-day. Two are enough, and the tide's running pretty fast. See them! She's got hold of her. There's Sol. He can swim, that's a fact. He's catching up. He's got her on the other side. Splendid!"

The air fairly rang with the shouts and cheers of the ferry-boat passengers, and those on another boat that was passing near joined in the burst of acclamation. New York people know very well that it is no joke to jump into the East River when the tide is running.

The boys had been poking a good deal of fun that morning at the puffy little tugboats that were steaming and dodging around so swiftly in all directions. Sol said they looked more like water-spiders than anything else.

But it was one of the very smallest and sauciest of these busy workers that came along at the right time now. Neither of the great, clumsy ferry-boats could have swung around soon enough, nor would they have been of much use if they had, except to run over and drown the two brave boys and their golden-haired prize.

"She's not much of a lift for the two of us," remarked Pat Nolan.

"Not much," said Sol; "but where'd we better swim for?"

"Oh, they'll pick us up before we're gone far. If they don't, we can get ashore on Governor's Island."

At the rate the tide was bearing them along that did not seem an entire impossibility, but just then the bit of a tug came snorting and coughing within a few yards of them, and a deep, hoarse, voice shouted:

"Hand her up, boys! You're the men for my money!"

Long arms and strong were reached out for the dripping Katrina, while a great cheer arose from the crowds on the ferry-boats.

"She's safe now, boys," remarked the same deep voice, a bit huskier; "now you'd better swim ashore."

"Had we?" returned Pat. "Now, if you don't let us right in we'll tip your tug over."

It was a big man that owned the big voice, and it was almost dangerous for him to laugh as did in so small a craft as that tug, but he helped the two boys in without any further nonsense, and shook hands with them tremendously after he got them on board.

"You're a Yankee, I can see that," he said to Sol. "I was born on Cape Cod myself. And this other one's Irish from head to foot."

"So I am," said Pat, proudly; "but I was born in the ould Fourth Ward, for all that. I'm as good a Yankee as you are."

The big man laughed again, but he was steaming along behind the ferryboat now, and she had scarcely entered her dock before Katrina's grandparents were getting themselves dreadfully wet with hugging her.

"She isn't hurt a bit," said Sol, as he clambered up from the tug.

"Not by the swim she had," replied Pat; "but thim ould folks 'll squeze the life out of her instead of the water. Sure and I'd not like to be hugged in German."

There was no chance for any further talk between the two heroes, for they were surrounded now by an admiring crowd that seemed to appreciate very highly the brave deed they had so skillfully performed.

Again and again did Van Rivington declare his intention of learning to swim at the very first opportunity, and Sol comforted him with:

"Corda ot 'em around Bunkerville. Lakes and ponds to end. Go swimming every Saturday."

As for Mr. Rivington himself, proud as he was of the conduct of his nephew, he did not seem disposed to overlook the plucky little boy who had first gone in after Katrina. The old grandparents had not enough of English at their command to tell how grateful they were, but Katrina put up her sweet little face, rather pale just now, to kiss each one of her preservers, and they both felt more than paid for their wetting.

That, indeed, was a somewhat serious thing for Pat Nolan, for he had worn his Sunday clothes that day, in honor of the event which had given him a stepfather and a new home. Nor was he quite sure what view would be taken of the matter by Mr. Maguire.

The sight-seeing was over for that morning, as a matter of course, for Mr. Rivington hurried his nephew away homeward after some dry clothing. He did not do so, however, until he had forced the somewhat reluctant Pat to give directions as to where and how he could be found again.

"You're a fine boy, Van," said he. "I don't mean to lose sight of him. He isn't the least bit of a fool."

"I was almost fool enough myself, father," said Van, "to have gone in after that little girl, even though I couldn't swim."

"So half a dozen others would have had to risk their lives for you, eh? No, Van, I'm not afraid you will ever show yourself a coward, but you must never lose your presence of mind or your common sense—not even if the prettiest kind of a little curly-headed girl has tumbled into the water."

"Then I must learn to swim."

"Don't learn it half way, then. Learn to swim like Pat Nolan or Sol Rogers, so as you can be of some use to others as well as yourself."

"You see if I don't," said Van, decidedly, and then he added: "I wonder what sort of schooling Pat Nolan has had?"

"Pretty good, I guess. That is, if he has been to the public schools."

"He don't know any Greek and Latin if that's all."

"No, but no amount of Greek and Latin will fit a man or a boy for a swim in the East River."

"And that's where Pat is ahead."

As for Sol Rogers, he was wonderfully silent all the way home.

CHAPTER II.

MR. AND MRS. MAGUIRE were not at home very early that day. They were not of the sort to waste time and money on useless "bridal trips," but they had been taking the world very easy, for all that, and by the time they made their appearance in the little parlor over the grocery it was nearly tea-time, and Pat Nolan's clothes were dry as a bone.

He had aired them—pressed them; he had even called in the aid of the little one-eyed tailor around the corner, at the expense of two York shillings; he had made them look as good as new. Then, a clean shirt, a fresh polish on his shoes, and nothing in his outer man told tales of his jump into the river.

"I'm not a bit ashamed of it," he said to himself, "and I'd as hef tell mother as not, but I'm not sure of Mr. Maguire; I'll know him better after I've lived wid him longer."

There was wisdom in that, although it may be Pat Nolan was unduly suspicious of his new father.

Mrs. Maguire and her friend were a trifle tired with their day's unaccustomed "shopping," and all that sort of thing, and the latter had bought him an evening newspaper to read while his blooming bride was getting tea.

Blooming she was, for Pat's mother was only half way between thirty and forty, and a woman for any son or husband to be proud of, barring a tendency to having her own way. Pat had found that out long ago, and he was more than half sure Mr. Maguire would make the same discovery in due time.

She was just about sending her nice, dry, hungry boy out on some little errand or other, when Mr. Maguire suddenly bounced from his chair, with the newspaper in his hand, exclaiming:

"Pat Nolan, was it yersilf did that same? Did yez jump into the Aist River after the bit of a Dutch girl? Oh, but ye're young to git yersilf into the papers!"

"Into the river!" almost shouted Mrs. Maguire; "and all your nice clothes spoiled wid the water!"

"But he saved the gurrel."

"There was two of us," doubtfully protested poor Pat.

"Two of yes!" retorted his mother. "Sure an' wasn't wan enough?"

"She was such a pretty gal," pleaded Pat, "and I couldn't bear to stand still and see her drown. Besides, I'm all nice and dry now——"

"But it was one of the jumpin' into the river? An' ye might have been dhrownded yersilf, an' what wud yer poor mother have done thin?"

"Now, mother——"

But Mrs. Maguire's fault-finding had been more a matter of habit, and therefore not to be helped, than anything more serious, and now the idea that her one darling had been in danger, that he had made a hero of himself, saved somebody's life and got into the newspapers, was rapidly becoming too much for her.

She dropped her saucepan, gave one of her eyes a rub with the corner of her apron, threw her plump arms around Patrick's neck and sat sobbed:

"Ah, now, Pat, me own bye! It's lucky ye. Ye're an honor to yer poor mother, so ye are. Was she a purty gurrel, Patrick?"

"Indeed she was, mother. A little bit of a thing. I got to her first, but the other boy was a real good one——"

Just then there came a loud knock at the door, and Pat's stepfather was interrupted in the midst of a declaration that he was "an honor to the name of Maguire," by the necessity of opening it.

Pat scarcely had time for a rebellious thought that his name was not Maguire at all, when he found himself face to face with Mr. Rivington.

That worthy gentleman had been more than a little stirred up by the morning's adventure, and as soon as his down-town business was finished that afternoon, he had started home with the determination of hunting up his young Irish hero on the way.

"Not exactly poor," he had said to himself, as he climbed the stairs. "Shouldn't wonder if my notion about him can be made to work."

And what sort of a "notion" could such a man as Mr. Rivington have formed concerning a boy like Pat Nolan, of whom he knew so little, and who had no manner of a claim upon him?

Well, it was not a bad one, and it was not long in coming to the front.

Mrs Maguire's motherly heart was ready to burst with pride over what her elegant visitor had to say concerning Pat's exploit, and she could scarcely find words to tell her own opinion of him.

"Such a loine scholar, too, yer honor. It's little more they can tache him at the schools."

Mr. Rivington may have had his doubts on that head, for he caught a queer look in Pat's dancing eyes just then, but it gave him an opportunity and he used it.

The story was not a long one, but it can be shortened.

His own boy, Van Rensselaer Rivington, and his cousin, Solomon Rogers, from New England, were going away to school at the very famous Bunker Academy at Bunkerville. They were to be fitted there for college. It was a grand school for a boy like Pat Nolan.

"But the cost of it, yer honor, for the loikes of us?"

Oh, that was what he was coming to! Van and Sol were to board with a Mrs. Porrance, and she had expressed a wish for some stout, active young fellow, who would work out his board, or half of it, while attending the academy.

He, Mr Rivington, would be responsible for that part of it. The school fees were nothing, or next door to it, in such a case. He would look out for that.

All Mrs. Maguire and her new husband would have to do would be to clothe and furnish books for the young student. He would really be less expensive to them than if he remained in the city.

Mr. Maguire had scarcely said a word up to that time; but he now jumped up and held out his hand to Mr. Rivington with a heartiness that did him credit.

"Go, sor!" he exclaimed. "Of coorse he'll go. It's the first thing I've been able to do for his mother since we were married, and I'm proud to say it, sor—he shall go, if it takes the last cint she's got, sor!"

Mrs. Maguire had turned to Pat, almost crying, with:

"Oh, Pat, do you really want to go and lave yer poor mother?"

But the love of learning, or some other feeling, was stronger in the boy's mind, just then, than any ties that bound him to the home over the corner grocery.

Had she still been the Widow Nolan, it would have made some difference; but, as it was, he could scarcely contain his eagerness, as he responded:

"Will I go? Is that it? Will I breathe? Oh, mother, say the word!"

"I will, then! Yes, sor, and it's grateful I am the day. But when must he be ready?"

"I shall write to Mrs. Porrance to-night. This is Monday. He can be ready to start with the other boys on Wednesday, can he not?"

"Dade and he can, sor. It's ready he'll be if I work both the nights for him. Ah, Mr. Denny Maguire, it's the good husband you'll have to be to me while me b'y is gone!"

Mr. Maguire was trying to look latherly just then, rather than sentimental, and Mr. Rivington was in something of a hurry to get home, so that the bride's appeal was partly thrown away.

As for Pat, he was made especially proud by a parting hand with Sol, who had got acquainted with the other boys, and to receive such further directions as might be deemed necessary to give him.

Mr. Rivington could scarcely have reached the sidewalk, and Mrs. Maguire and her husband were just beginning to think again about their supper, as was Pat himself, for that matter, when there came another knock at the door.

"The gintleman's come back for something!" exclaimed Mr. Maguire, as he put his hand on the door-knob. But he had got a tall, well-dressed man, an unmistakable Teuton, stood upon the threshold.

"Does a boy named Nolan, Padrick Nolan, live here?"

"My name is Maguire——"

"So? Dank you. I looks for de prave boy dat safe my Katrina. His name is Nolan."

"There he stands, sor. Proud I am to call him me son."

"You mean he's the son of your wife, Misther Maguire," firmly interrupted his bride. "Patrick, the gentleman is asking for you."

There was scarcely any need to say that, for the German already had his hands on Pat's shoulders, as if in great doubt whether to hug him or not.

He did not hug him, but he said several things in German, as if no other tongue than his own would carry him through. It is quite likely, however, that he was half astonished when Pat replied to him modestly, and quite correctly, in the same language.

"Mrs. Maguire!" exclaimed her husband, in a loud whisper, "Patrick is talking Dutch."

"Sure and why not, when he's heard it all his life? Half the children at all the schools he ever went to was some kind of German or another. He can almost talk Princh."

"What a help he'd be to the grocery," muttered Mr. Maguire. "It's little more schoolin' he needs."

"He'll get it, then. It'll be hard to part wid him, but he's a-goin', sure."

Pat overheard all, of course, and it interfered a little with his answers to the stranger.

The latter, who gave his name as Becker, and who seemed to think he could get on easy enough to the preserver of his little daughter, also heard and understood. He even asked a few pertinent questions, and then he, too, made Pat promise to pay him a visit at an address he gave before leaving town.

"Come alone," he added, in German, and Pat promptly determined to do that very thing.

It was just as well he did so, for before supper was over, the fact of the invitation was made disagreeable, and Mr. Maguire heartily declared:

"Is it go and see him? Of coorse you will. I'll go wid you mesilf, and see that ye behave yersilf in a way to do credit to the family."

Pat's mother handed him an unusually large piece of cake just then, and he caught a look which made him keep still, but which meant, with the help of the cake.

"Take care of your own affairs, my boy. I'll see you through."

Pat had no end of confidence in his mother, and he relished that cake better than any other piece he ever had.

CHAPTER III.

THERE is a whole basketful of villages like Bunkerville, if it were possible to measure them that way, scattered here and there among the hills of New England.

However they may differ from one another, they are pretty sure to have strong points of resemblance.

Every "Bunkerville," of whatever name, has its academy, where the teaching is sometimes very good and sometimes is decided otherwise. There is sure to be a mill-stream running through a valley, and if there are no factories there is a gristmill, or two of them, and a sawmill. There would be more sawmills if the hills, for miles around, had not long ago been stripped of their heavy timber.

However, although the old forests are gone, the scrubby "second growth" of beech and maple and oak trees has crept up the barren slopes, from the edges of the little ponds and lakes which nestle everywhere, and some kinds of game are coming back to their old haunts.

The farms, except in favored valleys, are not of the best, and the stalwart young men who grow up on them and are educated at the academies are apt to dream of cities and the future, and "go West" when they become of age. It is a very good thing for the West that they do so, but it is not so good for New England and for Bunkerville.

Still, when they have boys of their own, later in life, they are very apt to send them back for a few years of schooling in the shadow of the old hills, and that is good for the academies.

The Bunkerville we are to deal with lay in a long hollow, like so many of the others, and was so far north that from any considerable elevation, say from a housetop or the academy steeple, you could see the ragged line of the White Mountains jagging and rolling away to the westward.

Among those wonderful mountains the village boys were sure to tell each open-mouthed newcomer there were deer and bears and panthers, not to speak of smaller wild animals of all sorts, but none of these had ever been known to venture among the shady and well-kept streets of the pretty village of Bunkerville.

The academy was a capital specimen of its class, being large and well built, of wood, and its white walls contained ample accommodations for the three hundred and more of pupils, of both sexes and all ages for whom it proposed to furnish "book learning."

Every such institution is compelled to have at its head a man who, so long as he is "principal," is regarded by all the people round about as the most learned man in the world. Sometimes he is too modest a man to disagree with his neighbors, and gets to think so himself.

However that might be about the Reverend Doctor Betts, of Bunker Academy, everybody in the valley looked up to him.

They had to do it, for the doctor's body, like his mind, had grown very tast while he was about it, and he was a man who would have been of "great weight" in any community.

He was a married man, but Mrs. Doctor Betts had nothing to do with the young ladies' half of the academy, that important matter having been in the care of Miss McCracken for more years than she cared to speak of.

And yet she was a very wonderful woman in her way, and she had a very profound respect for Doctor Betts.

Bunker Academy was not a "boarding-school" in the ordinary sense of the term. Few New England academies are. Nor were there any regular boarding-houses for students. For some decade, back the villagers were generally able to take care of all who came, and at very reasonable rates.

It was the better way, for it mingled a good deal of honest freedom with something of the restraints of home, and split up the responsibility and tendencies of the young people in a way to make them less dangerous than if they had all been packed and crammed into one or two buildings.

Mrs. Porrance, therefore, did not keep a boarding-house. Indeed, some of her neighbors even wondered "why a woman so well to do as Widder Porrance should go to any such trouble."

They even hinted that she was a little "near," and liked to make more money than she really needed, but that was when there was no danger of its getting to the ears of Mrs. Porrance, for the portly, stern-visaged widow was a social power in Bunkerville.

Nobody had to look twice in her face before discovering that she was a woman every way capable of minding her own business, and quite likely to insist upon other people minding theirs.

And so it came to pass, one September afternoon, a few days before the Fall term was to begin, that Mrs. Porrance received a letter from Mr. Rivington. She knew all about him, for his nephew, Sol Rogers, had boarded with her the previous Winter, and his son Van was now to be added. Still, there was something in that letter which seemed to require thought. She was all alone, and so she thought aloud, which was a very uncommon thing for Mrs. Porrance to do.

"Yes, I know I mentioned it to him, but I scarcely imagined he'd do it. A bright, active, industrious sort of boy, he says. Been at the public schools. Don't suppose they're much. Not beside Bunker Academy, anyhow. Still, he may get along. Saved a little girl's life, too. I like that. It's an awful thing to be drowned, only there are some folks that shouldn't do much better, so far as the rest of the world is concerned. That's a dreadful uncharitable thing for me to say, I s'pose. But then he's Irish. I don't know much about 'em. Mr. Rivington says he was born in this country, too. Well, if I can't get along with him, nobody else. I'll try him. Only that settles the matter. I won't have that other lot. Three boys is all I'll have in my house at one time, for love or money. Glad I can say as much to Mrs. Hinckley. I didn't want her great sprawling yawps of boys, anyhow. I'll just send her word that my house is full. Three boys, and one of 'em Irish. Guess I'll have my hands full, and Almira's, too! Oh, dear me!"

If that last sigh was raised over the prospect before her, what on earth, made her consent to undertake it?

What, indeed? But then there some things that are never understood until—well, not until you understand them.

Boys, for instance.

And girls.

And men.

And women.

CHAPTER IV.

THE evening after the rescue of little Katrina Becker was a very remarkable one for Pat Nolan.

So it was for his mother and for Mr. Maguire himself.

As for Pat, he had been the merriest chap in that street from the day he first began to play in it, and nobody would have suspected him of anything but mischief, faithful as he had always been in carrying home the baskets of clean clothes to his mother's customers.

But do you suppose a boy of that sort, with two

such eyes in his head, and a public school to set him a-going, does not have ideas of his own?

Pat had seen plenty of rich people. He had even been in their houses, many a time, on one errand or another, and he knew very well how much nicer places they were to live in than the tenement-house to which he was compelled to return from every one of those visits.

Then, too, he had read, in the books he had managed to get hold of, and in FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY, of other boys as poor as himself who worked their way up to wealth and elegance.

He had seen, and he had read, and, of course, he had dreamed.

Great, splendid dreams of the future that might come to him, some day.

And he had somehow got it settled in his young mind that the first step upward for him was to "get an education."

That was what was the matter with Pat Nolan that evening, with Mr. Rivington's other ringing in his ears, and he could scarcely have told whether he spent most of his time indoors or out.

If he could have got rid of Mr. Maguire it would have been nice to have talked it all over with his mother, but the worthy grocer was not to be gotten rid of at all.

"I'm a home sort of a body," he had said to his new wife, in Pat's hearing. "Ye'll niver have to luk far for the lolke of me. I'm fond of me own fureside."

There was no fire in the house to speak of on any side that warm September evening, though Mr. Maguire managed to make things hot for himself before bedtime.

The longer he thought the matter over the more clearly he saw how valuable Pat could be made in the grocery, with his knowledge of German. Even the French might come in play at times. Such a boy, with no wages to pay and no chance of his leaving for a better position, was not to be thrown away without an effort.

Thus, too, Mr. Maguire thought of the expense. He had been liberal enough in his remarks to Mr. Rivington, for he knew very well that Pat's mother had some pretty savings of her own. Her first husband had left her something, and she had thriftily added to it. Maguire did not know how much there was, and she did not intend he should, but he knew she had an account at a savings bank. Perhaps he had even gone so far as to calculate how much he could do in the grocery line with a little more capital.

To be sure, it was too soon after the wedding to mention such a thing as that, but it would never do to have the golden store squandered on a New England Academy, and lose Pat's services at the same time.

The thing grew on him every minute, and before long Mr. Maguire found himself skillfully edging round to it in the talk that he was having with his rosy bride.

She began to get rosier and rosier while he did so, until at last she was what people call "red in the face."

When a good-looking Irish woman begins to get red in the face about a boy of her own, it is time for the public peacemaker to come around in a hurry, for there is likely to be a job for him.

Mr. Maguire thought, so that evening, at all events, and long before the high color subsided, and the little parlor became stuffy and oppressive for him again, he had given up, for the time being, all thoughts of having Pat in the grocery right away.

"I'll go and throw the money in the morsin'," exclaimed Mr. Maguire, in winding up her remarks. "The b'ye shall have his buks and things av it takes the last cent. He's not a Maguire, I'd have ye to know, and the Nolans was gintry in the owld country."

"So was the Maguires!"

"Was they, indade? I'm glad av it, seein' I've married intil the family; but they'll no great things on this side of the wather. I tell ye, me b'ye shall have ivery chance I can give him. Many's the hard day's worruk I've put in for that same, Me money's me own, Misther Maguire."

He was beginning to understand that, and he took a sharp turn in his diplomacy.

"Sure an' I meant well by Pat. It's a marchant I'd make of him. Ye needn't turn up yer nose at commerce and trade. Mebbe he'll be glad enough to come back till it wid all the learnin' he'll find in the 'cadamy. It's a foine, likely b'ye he is. And he's woonderful good-lookin'. 'Dade, an' he takes after his mother."

"Now, Misther Maguire!"

But blarney was his stronghold just then, and there was no stopping him.

Meanwhile, Pat had slipped off up-stairs, to the little corner room next to the one which had been assigned to him. He tried, for a while, to read an old novel he had managed to pick up, but it was of no sort of use, so he went to bed.

To bed—to sleep?

Well, no. Not very soon. He had some hours of feverish tossing around first. When he did close his eyes, it was to dream the most remarkable set of dreams. There was no telling how many German girls he swam for, from how many ferry-boats, or how many times he found himself learned and rich, and all that sort of thing. They would have been elegant dreams, for the greater part, if he could have kept Mr. Maguire's face out of them, but the impossibility of doing that nearly spoiled them all. It might have been better if he had known what a true-hearted and plucky sort of a guardian angel his own mother was turning into.

Next morning was like the others in one respect. There were no bundles or baskets for Pat to travel around with.

Mr. Maguire was busy in the grocery after breakfast, and he had half a notion, even then, of calling Pat to his assistance; but it would scarcely have been advisable. Indeed, it was soon out of the question, for Mrs. Maguire herself was busy with Pat.

She made him polish his shoes till their brightness was almost painful to the eye. Then she brushed his hair till any more brushing would have been painful to Pat.

"A nater, clane-lukin' b'ye, in fact, niver walked!" and Pat himself was very glad to have it so, for he had his morning's business cut out for him.

He was to go, first, to Mr. Rivington's and get his instructions as to books, the journey to Bunkerville, and so forth. Then he was to come home and get some money, for his mother would by that time have drawn it from the savings bank. After that the purchases would be made and their other plans talked over.

Pat thought he had never loved his mother so much before in all his life. Perhaps because he had never before known how fully she sympathized with his dreams and his ambitions, and how determined she was to help him.

"I'd like to see that her queen of the whole country," he said to himself, as he walked rapidly away. "But then I'd want old Maguire to be drowned first, or take himself out of this in some way. He knows I don't like him, and I'll be bound he knows his like, too."

Pat was wrong there. His new stepfather had no special dislike for him. On the contrary, he saw very clearly what a promising boy Pat was, and how much money might be made out of him—with the help of his mother.

And that there seemed to be no immediate hope of getting.

It was easy enough to find Mr. Rivington's house, and that gentleman was at home. So were Van Rivington and Sol Rogers, and they greeted Pat with thoroughly boyish cordiality. He was a sort of a hero in their eyes, and if there is anything a sound-minded boy will go out to with his whole heart it is a "hero." Especially a boy hero.

The list of books made out by Mr. Rivington was shorter than Pat had expected.

"That will do very well to start on. The boys themselves have some that you can use, and you can borrow from them as they are wanted."

"But how am I to get there?"

"Get there? Oh, that's easy enough. Have your trunk at the Grand Central Depot in time for the two o'clock train to-morrow afternoon, and go right along with Sol and Van."

Go with them!

He, the washerwoman's son, to make a journey with two boys like Van and Sol, who lived in such a house as that?

At that his cheeks tingle, but every drop of blood in his body seemed to assure him.

"It's all right. You're as good as they are. Boys that can risk their lives and save the lives of other people are anybody's equals."

Perhaps he would have felt differently if he had been a "slouch" or a coward. It would have really been very different, then, and no amount of good clothes or money would have made up for it. Boys understand that as well as men do, and it's a pity so many people try to shut their eyes to the fact.

"Bank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold, for all that."

Robbie Burns was only a Scotch peasant when he sang his songs, but the great world is singing them yet, "for a' that, and a' that," because he was a true-hearted man "for a' that."

Don't forget Robbie Burns and his songs, boys, not one of you.

Still, Mr. Rivington had work of his own, and Sol and Van had plans of their own for their last day in the city. Very likely they, too, had some purchases to make.

At all events, kind as they were, Pat's visit was necessarily a short one, and he found himself on his way home a good deal sooner than he expected.

"Mother won't be back from the bank so soon as this," he said to himself. "I'd better take a street-car and go to see Mr. Becker's. I won't talk to him long, and I'll be sure of not having old Maguire with me."

The very thought of going to the academy seemed to have helped Pat in correcting his pronunciation.

He found himself speaking with a good deal of care, but the rich, full accent he was born to would linger in the tones of his young voice in spite of him.

And it was every bit as well, for there was a wonderful deal of music in it.

The address on Pat's father had given him took him to a somewhat quiet but very respectable street, on the west side of the city, and Pat was a trifle surprised when he read the little sign at the side of the door.

"So he's a doctor," he said, as he pulled the doorbell. "They say some of these German doctors know a great deal. I'll never know enough for that. I'm not the sort they make doctors out of, anyhow——"

Just then the door swung open wide, and right there before him was the bit of a bright, sunny, happy little German girl after whom he had jumped into the East River. A very ladylike, middle-aged woman stood beside her, but before either she or Pat could say a word little Katrina uttered a loud cry of delight, and sprang away into a sort of office or study at the left of the entry, shouting:

"Papa! papa! I know him. Here he is. I knew him right away!"

"Is Doctor Becker in?"

"Is your name Nolan?"

Question and answer followed each other quickly enough, and so did the doctor himself follow Katrina, and then Pat was fairly astonished at the vigor of the grasp of a hand which had been Katrina's father.

He had called so soon, he told them, because he was about to go away into the country to school, and he added:

"I owe all that to Katrina."

"Owe all to Katrina! How is that?"

Pat somewhat bashfully and hesitatingly explained the state of the case, and was surprised, as he did so, to see a deep flush, like anger, rising in the face of the German doctor.

"So!" said he, at last, when he had ended the latter. "Vat vas his pizness? Do I let him buy my debts for me? You save my leetle girl and he send you to school for it? Vot ha! he to do mit Katrina? I shtand it not. Vas I poor, eh?"

Pat scarcely knew what answer to make, especially as Katrina's mother entered into her husband's view of the case with singular heartiness.

It was almost as if Pat himself had given some cause of offense, and he reached out his hand for Katrina's, which he had laid on the table.

That was the signal for another and a different sort of outburst.

"I haf you come to see me," explained Doctor Becker, "so I talk mit you alone. I tink of all sort of ting I do for you. Now you come, and all is done before I know. I dell you. He does it not alone. I vill help. Vat pooks you vant? Vat oder tings, eh? You must let me, my tear poy."

Pat had very proudly and heroically intended that he would not accept of any kind of reward from Katrina's father, and under ordinary circumstances he would have kept his purpose, but there was really no help for it. He was compelled to show his list.

"Gif it to me. I send dem to you. Dey shall be a bresent from Katrina."

Pat looked at Katrina, whose blue eyes were just then wearing a somewhat earnest and wistful expression, and he slowly handed over the bit of paper.

It occurred to him, however, that his mother must be waiting by this time, and he said as much to his new friends.

"Your moder? Yes. You dell her I meter forget, so long as I lif. I do all I can for de prave poy dat save my leetle girl from de vater."

Pat had already learned that she had been on a visit to her grandparents, in Brooklyn, when the accident occurred, but that this had been thereupon promptly cut short by her father, as he said:

"Gretry dey drown her altogedder."

He could not promise to see them again before he left town, but the doctor insisted that he must write and say how he was getting on, and that he must not neglect them when he returned.

It was all very well. Nicer than anything Pat had known before in all his life, and when he was at last making out to say "Good-by," Katrina put something into his hand that felt like a pocketbook, and the doctor remarked:

"Dot is all right. Ven I was a poy at school, sometimes I vant a good many t'ings. Poys is poys. You know not joost vat you vants till you get away at school. I vas dere. Goot-py!"

And Pat felt a good deal like crying for some reason or other as he slipped that little wallet into his trowsers pocket and hurried down the front steps.

He had even gone several blocks before it occurred to him to take it out for a look at its contents, and when he did so he almost wanted to carry it back.

Doctor Becker could scarcely have been a rich man, but the little pocketbook was by no means empty.

Pat looked at bill after bill in a sort of fever. None of them were large, to be sure, but he counted up to twenty dollars, and then he shut it up, put it back into his pocket, and hurried along toward home as fast as he could walk.

Rich? Why, he was beginning to feel like a rich man already.

Only he knew very well that twenty dollars would not keep him such a house as Mr. Rivington's.

CHAPTER V.

IT takes all sorts of events to make up a day, and even if some of them are very good and pleasant that is no sign they will all be of the same sort.

Alas for Mrs. Maguire and her grand dreams for the future of her heroic boy!

Of all things in the world, who would have dreamed that the savings bank, that particular one in which she had invested her savings, should decide to close its doors that morning?

Little the managers of it thought how many plans, of how many worthy people, would be upset entirely by the failure of their pestilent institution.

Perhaps they did not care as much as they should have cared about that part of the very ugly business.

Then again, perhaps, they felt very badly indeed. It is not always easy to tell about such things. Around the bank had stopped a crowd of money, and there was no certainty when it would begin again, if ever.

Mrs. Maguire was "struck all in a hape," as she expressed it, and before she recovered her presence of mind she had locked herself at home, telling the doleful story to her husband.

Sympathy!

Oh, yes, she received any amount of that, only it came in queer ways.

Such a scolding as she got for trusting all her fortune in "that cold, rotten, rattle-thrap of a bank. Sure an' I could ha' told yes better than all that av ye'd axed me. It's not mesilf wastes me hard earnin's in that way. And now what'll the b'ye do? He'll niver get to the 'cademy at all. Perhaps it's all for the best. I'll just take him into the grocery and make a man of him. But he'll be disapp'inted-like."

"Will he, indade? Thin he won't, and that's the truth. Do ye s'pose I'd let all me money in the bank? Sure and I'll sell me governmint bonds, but I'll sind Pat to school."

Government bonds!

Had he married an heiress unawares?

A washerwoman with that sort of property, and all her own!

He could scarcely contain himself.

"Hurroo for that! How many of thim have ye got? Arrah, but ye're the woman for me. Sell them, is it? No, indade. I put me fut on that. Ye'll niver squander them while I've a worrud to spake forninst it."

But Mr. Maguire was not to learn, just then, whether his wife's first husband had left her much or little, or how much she had added thereto.

The amount was not likely to be very large, at the best, and it had not been scraped together with any eye to the wishes of Mr. Maguire.

When he at last got out of the house Mrs. Nolan himself came into the little parlor, all breathless with haste, and flushed with the excitement of his morning's adventures.

"Oh, Pat, Pat, me b'ye, the bank's bruk!"

"The savings bank?"

"Bruk entirely, and I've no money to buy yer books."

"And I say she'll not sill any bonds for that same," almost savagely interrupted Mr. Maguire.

"Howld yer tongue! Sure an' I'll sill the head aff me shoulders widout axing lave of the like of yez."

"Oh, mother, mother, the books won't cost you a cent. I'll tell you all about it. Little Katrina——"

"The Dutch girl!" exclaimed Mr. Maguire, with a strong twist of disgust on his manly features. "Sure an' I moight ha' known there was thruble to come from that same. I'll niver kape wan of 'em from dirowsin'."

It looked, too, as if she were trying to arrange something more than a rose. Her own feelings, for instance.

"He must not know I am ill. It would only worry him. I shall be well enough before he gets back. Dear Van! My splendid boy!"

One sentence at a time, at wide intervals. Word after word of motherly love and thoughtfulness. And then she slowly walked out of the chamber and down the stairs toward the back-parlor. How did she know where to find Van?

Well, she seemed to know, and to feel sure of finding him alone.

He was there, and she stood for a moment in the doorway looking at him.

There must have been something the matter with Van that morning, healthy and hearty as he looked.

There he sat, on the piano-stool, like a boy in a dream, not trying to play anything in particular, but aimlessly running his hands over the keys, now and then striking a chord or a few notes of some familiar melody, and then giving the whole thing a long rest as if he were thinking.

That is just what he was doing, and so busy was he with his thoughts that he did not hear the light step behind him, nor did he know but what he was alone until he felt a pair of wonderfully loving arms around his neck, and a soft voice murmured in his ear:

"Oh, Van, my boy! my boy! How I shall miss you!"

"Mother!"

"I'm not afraid, Van. God will care for you and bring you back to me. I shall trust you with Him."

Poor Van! What would he not have given, just then, to have known how to tell her just how he was feeling and what he was thinking!

Perhaps he did so that she understood him, for he leaned his young head back upon her shoulder, and his voice was thick and husky as he said:

"Mother! Mother!"

Not another word, and all she said in reply, was:

"My son!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE next day was Wednesday, and a great day it was for those three boys. Everything else was forgotten in the bustle and excitement of getting away.

Mrs. Maguire cried a little every now and then, but Pat did all he could to comfort her.

"Oh, mother," he said, "what letters I'll write ye! They'll be long ones."

"Till me everything, Pat."

"Every mortal thing."

"Ayvin av ye git yerself intil some scrape or other. Ye'll be sure to do that same, for ye're a b'ye. Niver fear me. I'll sthand by yez, for good luck or bad."

"And so 'll I," exclaimed Mr. Maguire, heartily. "I hope they'll give yez enough to ate. Learnin' is a foine thing, but what's the good of it wid starvation? Take yer males regular, no matter what comes."

Pat looked as if he meant to do that very thing, and there was no doubt of his ability.

Still, he broke down at dinner that very day, and even his mother could not get him to eat as much as she thought good for him.

"Wid such a long journey to the fore."

To tell the truth, Van Rivington was having a similar difficulty, but Sol Rogers showed no signs of any defect in his appetite. He had been to school before, and then he was not leaving home or mother behind him, as the others were.

Just a little before two o'clock, Mr. Rivington's carriage drove up to the depot. All the baggage had been sent there hours before.

"There's Pat!" exclaimed Sol, as they sprang out.

"And that must be his mother with him," said Van.

"Where is his trunk, I wonder?" remarked Mr. Rivington.

It was there, however, for Mr. Maguire had brought it himself, in his own elegant grocer's cart, and a heavy piece of baggage it made, with Pat's clothes and all those books in it.

"My name's Maguire, Sir, and I've married Pat's mother. It's proud we are of him."

"You've a right to be," said Mr. Rivington. "Better get that trunk checked right away."

"But the tickets!" exclaimed Pat. "Please tell me what to get."

"Oh, they're all provided. Van has them. Van, my boy, help Mr. Maguire get that trunk checked."

Van's good-by to his mother had been said at the house. He was sure he "could not have stood it" at the depot.

She was surer than he was, about her own part of it, but she managed to look as well and cheerful as she could, so her boy should have no idea what the parting cost her.

Perhaps he knew, for all that, in a dim, cloudy, boyish sort of way.

"Time, boys," said Mr. Rivington, as Van came back with Mr. Maguire. "You must hurry on board the train. Good-by, Sol. Good-by, Van. Let us hear from you right away. Your mother won't be easy till she gets a letter."

Van was about to say something, but just then Mrs. Maguire broke down in a passion of weeping,

THE TIGER IN THE DOCTOR'S DINING-ROOM.

A CHILD SAVED BY A BRAVE GIRL.

and grasped Pat Nolan with a most tremendous hug.

"Sure, sor, she's the mother of him," apologized Mr. Maguire, and that was quite enough.

In a minute more the three boys were in their railway seats; in another the conductor shouted:

"All aboard!"

Then the engine was seized with a severe fit of coughing, the long train began to move, and Mrs. Maguire turned sadly away to see her husband climb into his cart.

"He's gone, the b'ye. He'll be a man some day. God save him."

Sol and Van had been on railway trains before, but every new ride is a new experience to boys of their age, and they were just forgetting everything else as the cars got into swift motion.

Pat Nolan's whole life had been spent in the great city, and he felt as if he were leaving it all behind him.

That lasted only a few minutes, however, and then he began to feel as if he were plunging into a sort of new life, and a very wonderful one.

The beautiful palace-car in which they were seated occupied his busy eyes for a while. Then he studied the other passengers. There was not one of them he could not have described, or would not have known again if he had met him anywhere else, after that ten minutes of swift inspection.

Then he turned to the world that was passing so swiftly by outside the car-windows, and there was enough there to keep the eyes of any boy busy. Even Van and Sol stopped talking at last, and began to stare through the great panes of glass at the villages, the fields, the trees and the other things in what Sol Rogers called "the railway panorama."

"Mr. Rivington," began Pat, at last.

"Not here," interrupted Van. "Did you think my father was coming to school with us? My name's Van."

"Mr. Van——"

"Look here, Pat," exclaimed Sol Rogers, "that won't do. If I catch you calling me Mr. Rogers or Mr. Solomon, or any other hard-name, it'll bring on a coolness. How would you like to be called Mr. Nolan?"

"Oh, but then——" began Pat.

"Look out for your manners, then. Van isn't strong enough to carry a long handle yet."

"I like short names," said Pat.

"Couldn't shorten ours much," said Sol, "unless we cut 'em down to the letters."

"And how would that be?"

"Just P, S and V; not the big letters, but the little ones."

"Pat, Sol and Van 'll do, I guess," said Van. "There's just one thing I'm thinking of, Sol."

"What's that?"

"I'm going to study hard at Bunker Academy, but I'm going to learn to swim, for all that."

"Can't you swim?" asked Pat.

"Not a stroke."

"Oh, but!" exclaimed Sol, "he can box and fence, and do no end of things. He can discount me at billiards, and sing and play the piano. He can do anything but swim and shoot. I can beat him there."

"I'll learn to shoot, too," said Van.

"But who'll set us up in the gun business?" said Sol. "I say, Pat, did you ever fish?"

"Of the docks, sometimes; but we never catch much there. It's just no fishing at all."

"I guessed it wasn't. I watched twenty boys and men one day for an hour, and they didn't pull up a fish amongst them all. We'll show you something better'n that."

"But how about hooks and lines?"

"Get 'em in Bunkerville. None o' your fancy fixings. Just hooks and lines to catch fish with."

"And guns?"

"That's a problem. It takes money to buy guns. We must look out about that."

"Do they let you hunt?"

"Will they let us? Patrick, I'm ashamed of you. Brought up in a free city, too. You wait till we get there. We'll show you."

"I'm almost as green as Pat is," said Van. "I'm glad we're all going to board in the same house."

"Pat," said Sol, "do you know anything about poor little Mrs. Forrance?"

"Nothing. Only I'm to live there."

"You must be kind to her, Patrick. If I catch you ill-treating her in any way——"

And Sol looked unutterable things as he spoke for the future well-being of his beloved landlady.

Van said nothing, but he nodded approval in a way that gave Pat a high idea of their joint regard for "poor little Mrs. Forrance." He determined that they should have no good cause to complain of him.

Unkind to a woman, indeed? He!

A defenseless widow, at that?

Pat thought of his own mother, and felt half indignant.

Then he thought of Mr. Maguire, and wondered if there was any probability that Mrs. Forrance would marry again.

Van seemed disposed to be somewhat quiet, but Sol Rogers had made a fair beginning, and there was now no stopping him. He had an inexhaustible fund of things to tell about Bunkerville, and of advice to give about their joint operations after they got there.

Pat listened with all the ears he had, and it was all interesting, but now and then he turned his keen eyes from the merry, animated face of Sol Rogers to the very pleasant but resolute countenance of Van Rivington, as if he were studying which of those two, after all, had more in him.

Pat Nolan was not the only one in the world that is doing that thing.

It is not always easy to tell, on short acquaintance, which man we had better set out to follow.

By-and-by they had to change to another road, and this time they found themselves in a sleeping-car.

That was a wonderful experience for Pat Nolan, and he was half astonished in the morning to find that he had really been asleep for several hours. He was hungry enough to eat a most satisfactory breakfast, however, when the time for it came, nor could he understand why some of his older fellow-passengers abused that meal as they did.

If they could only have gone at it with Pat Nolan's appetite!

The railway ride grew tedious as the day went by, and all three of the boys were glad enough, about the middle of the afternoon, when it came to an end, and they and their trunks were deposited on the platform of a "way-station."

"This is not Bunkerville, Sol!"

Pat had got both the other names handy enough by this time.

"No, indeed. They did think of having it moved over here when the railway was built, but the hills were in the way. Besides, it would have cost——"

"How much would it have cost?" asked Van, as Sol hesitated.

"More than the stage does, horses and all. Here it comes. Now, boys, for two or three hours of bouncing."

It was a genuine, old-fashioned stage-coach, and neither Van nor Pat had ever seen the like of it before, but they enjoyed it, and the grand ride in it across country, none the less on that account.

All the way Sol Rogers amused himself with pointing out to his friends various objects of interest near and far, including the mountains that were now becoming visible against the horizon.

He had not completed, moreover, his instructions to Pat Nolan.

"Look out, Pat," he said, "when you first see Doctor Bettz, you mustn't laugh at him."

"Laugh at him? What for should I do that?"

"Oh, he's such a dwarf, you know, and he's sensitive about his size. Nothing makes him madder than to be laughed at. You'll be careful?"

"Deed and I will. I don't feel much like laughing at anybody."

"You don't mean to say you're tired?"

"I am, then."

"Tired? With this bit of a ride? How'd you ever stand it, Pat, working all day for little Mrs. Forrance, and then studying Greek and Latin all night?"

"All night? Did you ever study all night?"

"I can't say I ever did at any one time. But you wait and see. There's great times before you."

So there were, indeed, and among them plenty of work for Mrs. Forrance and all the hard study one Irish boy need have asked for.

[To be continued.]

THE TIGER IN THE DOCTOR'S DINING-ROOM.

TOTNESS, a little one-horse town in South Carolina, has been visited by a traveling circus and menagerie. More than that, it has had a sensation. One of the tigers attached to the menagerie by some means broke from his cage, and after peregrinating for some time, no one knew how long or where, it finally entered the residence of the local physician, and penetrated to the dining-room, where the family were taking their afternoon meal.

The ladies fled in terror from the apartment, and one of the gentlemen, happening to have his revolver, without losing his presence of mind, cocked the weapon, aimed between the animal's eyes, and fired. The tiger dropped without a groan, having been killed almost instantly.

A CHILD SAVED BY A BRAVE GIRL.

AT Tempford House, Brompton, a saddle-back boiler is used behind the stove in the nursery for warming the pipes in the conservatory. The boiler burst with a concussion which was felt all over the neighborhood. A baby had been left asleep on a couch by the fire, and although stove, boiler, door and windows of the room had been blown to atoms, the wall perforated, and the room itself in flames, Alice Caxon, the parlor-maid, gallantly rescued the child in safety from the room, which was by this time filled with steam and darkened with masses of the falling ceiling.

BEAR VERSUS DOG.

A MAN in Wisconsin keeps a tame bear, which a friend of his, to whom he was showing it, proposed to pit against his dog, which was assented to. The result was the total discomfiture of the canine and a brilliant victory for Bruin.

A TALK ABOUT THE INDIANS OF THE PLAINS.

By MAJOR SCHUYLER.

[Continued.]

"NOW I will say here a word about the innate hospitality and gentlemanly feelings—if I may use the term—that these wild fellows have. These tepees are what are called their dance-tents. A tepee is about fifteen or twenty feet in diameter—a very large tent—circular, constructed of a number of poles, very long, the bases of which stand on the ground, and the points gathered together at the top and bound together with pieces of hide, or, if they have it, chain. There is a hole at the top through which the smoke passes. When you stand up in one of these tepees your head is in the smoke, almost, and the air is very bad; but when you sit down, the air there is comparatively good.

"Around the sides is a raised platform four or six inches high. There are no chairs, only this plat-

BEAR VERSUS DOG.

A TALK ABOUT THE INDIANS OF THE PLAINS.—SIOUX DANCING THE SCALP DANCE.

form. This platform is covered with skins—buffalo, elk, and other natural hides, and with occasionally a partition, and this partition is made simply of what the Indian calls, or what we would call, his valise or trunk. You see they are only made with carefully prepared hide, and ornamented with hide.

"The seat of honor is the first seat on the left as you come in. There the head of the house, as it were, sits, and if a stranger comes, the seat of honor is on his left, and then it goes round, the eldest son, etc. Sometimes in one tepee there will be three families, the father, son, and then, perhaps, a brother and their wives. The women sit on the right, holding the last place of honor in the tent. When you enter one of these tents the ordinary form of salutation is "How!" but if you are able to have intercourse with the trader, and you can use the word "Cola," then you are very welcome.

"I bought from the trader a quantity of sugar, flour, rice, and through a great deal of persuasion from my friend, the half-breed, and another friend, viz., a well-known chief of the Sioux nation, called American Horse, I was enabled to buy a white dog; that was considered the crowning part of the feast; and all these were turned over, by the order of American Horse, to some of the women, to prepare for me. The next morning the crier was sent out to announce that this feast was to take place the next day by noon, or when the sun stood in mid-heaven. All were invited—that meant the men; no women are allowed to come on these occasions; they can look on the outside, but as to coming inside the tent, that was not to be allowed at all.

"This feast was to be given by the young white brave, 'White Leggings'—that was the name they gave me. On the left they had raised a platform for me to sit down on. On the right was a large drum—the drum held on a tripod, and round the drum were American Horse, Little Man Afraid-of-his-Horses, and other chiefs, beating, drumming, and howling as loud as they could. The dress of these bucks and braves was extraordinary. They came with scalping-knives and other instruments, some with pistols, and some with what is commonly called a breech-clout—half painted yellow and the other half vermilion. A party of ten or fifteen comes into the centre and dances, and then another. This dance continued for six hours. I was invited to dance, and I thought it a good opportunity to ingratiate myself, and as I danced for three hours I was very tired.

"It appears to be the etiquette that those who give the feast receive nothing to eat. While they were eating sugar and rice, accompanied by a sort of doughy wheaten-cake, I was not offered anything at all. They had a medicine-woman in their tepee to keep away any evil spirit. The way these men danced around me. The whole tepee, as it were, danced around me—and I was made an honorary member of the lodge, I was told by American Horse afterward, on account of the way I danced.

"The Sioux Indian is a very noble-looking fellow. His average height, I should say, is about five feet ten inches, long, straight black hair, a great deal of paint upon his body, scalp-lock marked by a long line of vermilion, the scalp carefully braided—that is done for the purpose of the enemy taking the scalp making no mistake about it. Those young warriors who made their mark in some war have two long, braided locks; it gives them a very singular look; they wear a blanket thrown around the head, leaving generally only one eye exposed. They have also what is called a G-string—that is to say, a broad piece of cloth which trails on the ground, and it is a great insult for any one to have that G-string stepped upon, and in a crowded dance it is awkward to avoid treading on these G-strings. I was very clumsy, as I did not understand their step, or dance, and on one or two occasions I did step on the G-string. I suppose the only reason I got out of it was because I was considered a very good fellow—giving them a feast and a dance.

"These men do nothing at all except to go to war, and hunt and dance. I mean that literally. I mean to say for a man to carry a piece of wood or to build a fire is degrading; to fetch water from the spring is considered beneath his manhood; he does nothing of what we consider work. He merely hunts, fights, and dances; all the rest of the hard work is left to the women; and that is the reason why all Indian women are prematurely old. They carry the loads of wood which bend their shoulders, and they soon look very ugly. A young woman out there is married to a chief when he is rich enough to buy her, and what is principally used there as currency for wives is ponies. American Horse's niece cost six ponies, so she was a six-pony girl.

"An Indian is named from some personal characteristic, or he may have done something very brave and received his name from that, as in the case of that very great chieftain now, of the Sioux, called Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses. It is a singular name, but it has been wrongly translated. The real translation is, Young-Man-whose-Enemy-is-Afraid-of-his-Horses, and the way he got that was singular. When he was young, an enemy stole his horses; he went after them and tracked them for three weeks, and craftily, when he would catch one of the young men away by himself, he would tomahawk him, and after these three weeks, all by himself, he got back the entire band of ponies, having killed the men who had taken them away. This man I know, and he was particularly kind to me on more than one occasion.

"Now, the voices of the Sioux are very far from being guttural; on the contrary, their language is composed of words almost entirely vowels, and it is a musical language. They never raise their voices. Red Cloud—his name in Sioux is Makpiyaenta, Cloud Scarlet—Little Wound, Taopi Cigala, Wound Little, Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses, Tashunka, Kokipapa, Yellow Bear, Matoyi, American Horse, Washiculata-Shunka, Little-Big-Man, Wicasha-tankala, Little Hawk, Chetan Cigala.

"When the Indian dies—the Sioux—his body is not buried in the ground; it is raised on a platform. A scaffold is made, and upon that the body is placed, if possible in a green blanket, a blue one won't do, it must be a green blanket; and with him are buried his bow and arrows, and a favorite horse, a revolver or any other weapon, and the body allowed to rot. This question of the green blanket was brought vividly to my notice one night. We were in the tent of American Horse, and I heard a pistol shot. I couldn't understand what the matter was. One of American Horse's nephews and one or two of his sons ran outside the tent, I heard lamentations and a good deal of excitement, and by-and-by one of these boys came back and, through my interpreter, American Horse said to me, 'A neighbor of mine has just shot himself.' I went out, but American Horse pressed me back to my seat. I asked him what was the matter, and he said:

"'American Horse wants you to make your mind up now whether you will pass the rest of the night in his tepee or go to your log-house a mile off; but whatever you do you must do it immediately.'

"I thought it best to go to my own place. The next morning, when I got back, he told me—I mean always when I say he told me that he told my interpreter, who was with me—he told me that this man who had committed suicide was a great friend of his.

"His mother had scolded him for not being willing to drive the ponies to water, and occasionally to pasture them, which was done by this young man's mother, an old squaw: he thought that was so degrading—so much of an indignity to ask a man to do anything of that kind, that he drew his revolver and shot himself. I, having been made an honorary member of the lodge, was asked the next morning for a green blanket, and as there were but two green blankets near the agency, and worth their weight in gold, I declined, saying the man was not yet dead, and I took my chances of his recovering. They attempted to play it on me to get one and I refused.

[To be continued.]

A TALK ABOUT THE INDIANS OF THE PLAINS.—SIOUX GRAVES, TONGUE RIVER, WYOMING.

SOMETHING ABOUT GLASS AND ITS MANUFACTURE.

A SHORT time ago a process was discovered for making glass so strong that a tumbler might be thrown on to the floor without breaking. This is called toughening, and is done by dipping the article, while hot, into a vessel of boiling oil and then placing it in the oven, but for some reason which is not generally known, glass manufacturers have lately discontinued making toughened glass, and so we may suppose that the process injured the glass in other respects.

Articles made of flint glass are colored in two different ways, termed pot metal and flashed glass. Pot metal is produced by the gatherer gathering from one pot containing both the metal and the mixture of chemicals, by which the color is to be produced. In some cases it is required only to color the surface of the glass, and then flashed glass is resorted to and produced by dipping the article, when nearly finished and hot, into the pot of melted chemicals, so that the color only forms a layer upon the plain glass.

Our decanter is now finished as far as the work in the "house" is concerned, but has still to pass through a very important stage of glass manufacture, in order that it may be pleasing to the eye as well as capable of holding wine. Glass decorating is too complicated a subject to enter into fully in a short article, but we will try and describe in a few words how the patterns of flowers, fruit, etc., etc., are produced.

There are three distinct processes, called cutting, engraving, and etching.

Cutting is employed to produce the larger patterns on the glass, by which the latter is cut into more or less deeply. It is performed by means of wheels of various sizes and shapes, according to the cutting to be made. They are of three kinds, made respectively of iron, stone, and wood. They are all made to turn round very rapidly and act in much the same way as a grindstone does on a knife, the bottle being pressed against them so that the wheel cuts into the glass. The first wheel is covered with sand, and does all the rough work, the second takes off the roughness left by the first, and the third, which is covered with a powder called putty powder, polishes the surface and renders it smooth.

Engraving is done much on the same principle, except that it is used to form very delicate patterns which scarcely make any impression on the surface of the glass. The wheels are much smaller, and

the first is generally covered with diamond-dust, and the last with emery powder. It is by this means that the beautiful designs are executed around the wine-glasses and other articles on the dinner-table and in the drawing-room.

Etching is a process of engraving by means of burning in the pattern on the surface with hydrofluoric acid, a chemical produced from a rock called fluor spar. The glass is covered by a thick coat of varnish, on which the design is afterward etched or cut in with a pointed instrument, so that where the lines are the glass is fair bare, but all the rest covered by the varnish. The acid is then poured over it and eats into the glass at those lines; the varnish is afterward removed and we have the design neatly engraved underneath it.

The decorating of the glass is the last stage of the manufacture, and that being done our decanter is finished; but although we must now conclude our article, we have by no means exhausted all or nearly all that we could tell you on the subject. We trust, however, that short as our description has been, you may feel to know something more about glass than you did before, and knowing what you do, may be anxious to learn more still upon some future occasion.

It would make our lives far pleasanter and more profitable were we to think more of all the wonderful things that have been produced by the hand and brain of men, and that nothing can be done perfectly, nor even well, without care, patient industry, and, above all, a proper use of the mind that God has given us.

SWIMMING.

BALANCING or perpendicular floating in the water is done by allowing the legs to sink gradually, so that the body may assume an upright position; the head must be thrown back, so that the chin may be on a level with the surface. The great requisite for the proper performance of perpendicular floating is confidence; caution is always necessary; and the water should be quite still.

SWIMMING.—BALANCING, OR TREADING WATER.

Treading water is a mode of supporting the body without making any progress through the water, but of supporting the head well above the surface. By it, if a man is drowning, he may very possibly be saved, if two people take him by the arms and keep his head above water till assistance arrives; but it must be borne in mind that it is a very dangerous experiment, unless the two saviors seize the drowning person with very great determination, so as to prevent his grappling them. The treading of the water can be done one leg at a time, or both together; but the latter is the best way, as a greater weight can be supported when both legs raise the body at the same time.

If one wishes to seize anything above the water level, such as the gunwale of a boat, or a rope, the body is raised by this plan of treading water with great vigor; also it is sometimes done with the hands alone, or with both hands and feet together.

Upright swimming, or the Italian method, is given by Bernardi, as follows:

The pupil is supported in the upright posture in deep water by means of a hand under the arms, which are stretched out horizontally under water. The head should never be allowed to sink, but the body may be left unsupported for a short time, if the pupil can be persuaded to remain quite quiet, which he will do, if he has full confidence in his master.

If the legs are inclined to come forward or backward, or to rise on either side, a movement of the head in the same direction corrects the tendency;

SWIMMING.—SWIMMING LIKE A DOG.

and this is instilled into the pupil and practiced accordingly.

When he can manage to maintain the perpendicular position by this mode of balancing, the most difficult part of the process is accomplished. The next thing is to teach him to advance one leg, keeping the other back, and with the arms still horizontal; this is easily done, and the legs may be taught to be used as in walking. After this, the arms are practiced in the manner peculiar to the plan which is first attempted, while the body is kept upright, and is exactly the reverse of the use of the arms in the old style, each hand being thrust out nearly sideways, and then brought one after the other, round in front of the chest, embracing, as it were, a body of water within its grasp.

When wishing to retreat, the body is inclined backward, the arms are reversed, and the water is pushed from the body.

The utmost rate of swimming in this way is about three miles an hour, is still water, which is not much more than half the ordinary speed.

Dog-like swimming is simply following the same motions as the limbs of the dog make when progressing through the water. It is, in all respects, less useful than the usual mode, being so much slower; but as it affords rest through a different action of the muscles, it may be turned to very good account when the swimmer is much exhausted by a long swim.

The swimmer should lie on his chest, and move his hands and legs alternately, the right hand with the left foot, and the left hand with the right foot—one hand being thrust gently forward, with the palm flat and the fingers close together; it is then brought back to the level of the breast, and the other used in the same way.

During the time that each hand is being so used the foot and leg of the other side is drawn up, and then thrust backward, outward, and downward with a good kick; but the learner must bear in mind the necessity of working the arms and legs in perfect unison.

The hand-over-hand mode of swimming is a very rapid one, and is frequently used when short dis-

SWIMMING.—HAND-OVER-HAND SWIMMING.

tances have to be traversed, such as reaching a friend in the water who may be in danger; but it is too fatiguing to be used for any length of time, and is most adopted for the sake of the rest obtained by the change of muscular action.

It seems to be the dog-like method carried to an extreme; each hand is successively drawn out of the water and thrown forward, with the arm and shoulder to its full extent, with an action like the circular sweep, the last joints of the fingers should be a little bent, so as to make a small cavity, and enable the swimmer to hold the water as he draws his hands downward toward the hips; the action of the legs is the same as in dog-like swimming; whilst these motions have been gone through, the shoulder has become so far advanced as to throw the body on its side, just as the hand on that side reaches the water, and the opposite, by having come into position, is strongly thrust backward.

The arms, as it were, revolve in an oval, but each hand must pause a moment at the hip, whilst the other is being thrust forward, and the stroke of the opposite leg is to be made at the same moment.

Swimming on the back, much the same as floating, is at once the easiest, pleasantest, and most useful method of swimming; indeed, some learners can make very good progress in this way, even before they can swim on the breast.

By acting in the following manner, the pupil will soon become a proficient in this style of advancing through the water.

Turn on the back, by forcing the leg and arm of one side against the water, next place the hand on the side of the body, just inside the hips, by the groin; take care to keep the head thrown well back

SWIMMING.—SWIMMING ON THE BACK WITHOUT USING THE FEET.

and immersed, all except the actual face; hollow the back a little, and at the same time expand the chest as much as possible; the elbows and knees are to be turned out, so as to be kept under the surface of the water, and the head and whole body in a perfectly composed state.

The legs are next to be drawn up and thrust back as in ordinary swimming, but the knees must not come out of the water; if the legs are not to be used, possibly owing to cramp, they must be kept in a horizontal position, with the toes and heels together. This method permits a great rate of speed being attained.

If a baiter will only keep his lips tightly closed and the body still; he will find that when he inflates the lungs by a deep inspiration, his face will rise almost entirely out of the water, and at each expiration his face will sink as far as the eyebrows and lower lip, *but not any lower*, his nostrils being always free for the passage of the air required by the lungs.

If any one will give this plan a fair trial he will learn more in an hour than in many days by other methods. Here he finds the immensely powerful buoyancy of the water, which would certainly prevent any one from drowning, whether he can swim or not, if he could only lie in the position of swimming on his back without moving his body or limbs, *as he will be unable to sink, if he tries.*

Every one should practice this simple plan of floating until he has gained such confidence as to remain for a considerable time in this position, and even before being an accomplished swimmer he need not fear being drowned.

Another way of obtaining a position of total rest is to stretch out the arms as far as possible above the head, their weight acting as a counterpoise to that of the legs, the effect being that the toes are

SWIMMING.—BALANCING.

forced above the surface. As before said, in the sea this plan of floating is very much easier than in fresh water; the face during expiration scarcely ever sinking lower than the chin, whilst a good full inspiration will raise the whole face out of the water.

Swimming on the side, which was not thought much of till within the last few years, is now considered the most powerful method known, and is almost universally adopted by competitors in races.

As an example of the confidence given a man by being an accomplished swimmer, we cite the following act of rescue for which the Albert medal and silver medal of the Royal Humane Society were very properly awarded:

On Sunday, January 6th, 1867, during a heavy gale of wind, the French lugger *Courrier de Dieppe*, drove ashore at Dymchurch, Kent, the crew consisting of four persons; attempts made to reach her with the mortar and rocket apparatus were unsuccessful, and the master, a cabin-boy, and a seaman, were washed overboard and drowned.

Soon the ship parted, and the portion upon which the mate, the only survivor of the crew, had taken refuge, was driven near the shore.

John Batist, a boatman of the Coast Guard Station at Dymchurch, clad in a cork jacket, and having a line attached to him, attempted to reach the vessel, but failed, and was dragged ashore.

At this moment the Rev. Charles Cobb, the Rector of Dymchurch, came up, on his way to perform divine service at the neighboring church, when he halted to perform a mission of mercy that was quite in keeping with his character as a clergyman. He immediately rushed into the water and made for the vessel, and after one or two ineffectual efforts, by strong and determined swimming, at last reached the wreck, got on board, mounted the rigging, and rescued the only survivor.

Batist then succeeded in getting to the wreck, and, with a line he took with him, the poor French sailor was dragged ashore, supported on either side by Mr. Cobb and Batist.

Mr. Cobb made this brave attempt to save life in spite of the remonstrances of the people on the spot, and declined their assistance, by refusing to take a line with him, feeling so much confidence in his powers of swimming, learnt when young.

(To be continued.)

FLOATING TO FORTUNE;

Or,

Which was the Hero?

By JAMES REYNOLDS,

Author of "BLUEBEARD BOB," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

TIME flies. Three Winters and three Summers have come and gone in our northern latitude since Tom Burt labored in the factories and walked the streets of New York.

The careless boy of seventeen has grown up into the handsome, active, wide-awake young fellow of twenty years.

And, it may be asked, why has he continued in such an out-of-the-way, half-civilized country as Nicaragua, when, with a handsome competence at his command, he could live so much more pleasantly, being with those he loved, in New York?

Certainly there was no apparent reason except the love of adventure which had been awakened in him; except the people by whom he was surrounded, and to whom he had gradually become deeply attached—the impulsive Señor Gonzales, with whom he could now converse as glibly as any native; to the daring, flashing-eyed Isabella; to the quiet Isola, a type of the pure blonde, and to others who had acted a part, however trifling, in the little drama of his life and its vicissitudes.

He had kept up a frequent correspondence with the St. Johns and with the Prices.

Measures had been taken by which the senior Price had been constituted his guardian, and the estate entrusted to his care had prospered, for the senior of the firm was an honest man, and gloried in good works, albeit he did not stand at the street-corners and proclaim himself great or trustworthy.

A talented man, he was at the same time unassuming, and his esteem and good opinion were held above all price.

But let us take a retrospective glance at Tom Burt's career.

His adventures make his history.

When the yacht had drifted away from the bluffs near the Rio Escondido, and all danger passed, her sails filling with the land-breeze, which was just strong enough to drive her at a lively gait through the waters, Tom still holding the tiller—with the sisters still near him, and the senor watching the chagrined pirates, who, giving up all hope of successful pursuit, reluctantly returned to the shore—asked what course it would be advisable to steer.

"For the mouth of the San Juan, Señor Tomaso," returned the creole.

"With this breeze we ought to reach it by morning, ladies," Tom remarked, as he heard for the first time his Christian name liberianized. He laughed gleefully. "If I remember aright, San Juan River is about eighty miles south by west of here."

"You are quite correct, Mr. Burt," said Isabella. "But pray what were you laughing at just now? You are so good and brave, I believe you would laugh if you knew you were to die by the assassin's knife in the next minute."

"I cannot say that, Isabella Gonzales," Tom returned, in a low and very serious voice. "I never have courted death, and I care not to laugh at that which, though inevitable, is to most people a solemn thing. But in the language of my poet Bryant, in the 'Thanatopsis,' with a slight change in the second and third positions of his pronouns, I would:

"'So live that when my summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
I go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach my grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'"

Tom recited the lines with such force, accent, and subdued eloquence that his young auditors remained silent for many seconds.

Presently he resumed.

"Why did I laugh? It was because, for the first time in my life, I heard my blunt nickname elevated into the liquid Tomaso. Is it not enough to make one smile?"

The ladies answered his query by putting on a light and an amused air.

"Yes," he continued, as he let the yacht run a little more freely before the wind, "we ought to make twelve knots an hour between this and daybreak. If this breeze holds we may see the low shores of your favorite river at dawn. Seven hours will do it."

"You are fond of poetry, Mr. Burt?" said Isola.

"Of poetry, yes; of mere jingling rhyme, no," he answered. "And now let me urge you both to retire—not that it is late and the night is very pleasant, but because you have passed through a terrible ordeal. It was God's mercy that I had revolvers and was ready with them when those scamps were coming toward us. They must have thought us unarmed, and, therefore, easy prey."

Isola shuddered, and a cry of pain passed her lips.

Isabella stood erect—her great, black, flashing eyes shining like stars from behind the edges of a dark cloud—as she said:

"Had you and my father fallen in the *mêlée*, and I saw that capture was inevitable, I would have dashed my sister's brains out with the ship's ax, and then ended my own life by springing into the sea, where, in the jaws of some monster, I would have found a gentler foe than those miscreants would have proved."

"What a noble Lady Macbeth she would make!" thought Señor Tomaso.

The ladies were finally persuaded to retire, and Tom, who could endure much and prolonged physical pressure, remained by the tiller all the night with his faithful Nero stretched near him, who, occasionally raising his handsome head from his forepaws, would look intently at his young friend, and then sinking back again, would fall into a gentle sleep—not forgetting, as all intelligent dogs do, to dream of past scenes in his life.

The yacht drew but little water, and there was, therefore, no danger of running hard aground when nearing the shore. She could float where most men could wade.

And so, when daylight came again, Tom found himself off the mouth of the San Juan—so the Señor Gonzales assured him.

When the ladies, refreshed by sleep, again stood on the deck of their trim craft, they found it at anchor within the mouth of the river.

Tom Burt certainly did not look as fresh as he would have had he enjoyed a few hours' repose.

"Mr. Burt," said Isabella, as she approached him, and held out one of her hands for him to clasp, which he, of course, did, and even saluted with his lips, with all the courtesy of a knight-errant, "you look worn-out. You ought to have rest."

"I am waiting," replied Tom, "for the return from the fort over there of your father. He has taken the canoe, with the intention of engaging river-men to pilot the yacht to the Lake of Nicaragua. Thence he proposes traversing it. Reaching Leon, he will take you and your sister to his principal hacienda, where he cultivates the indigo plant, the tobacco plant, cacao, cotton, maize, sugar-cane, rice, and I know not what other grow the peculiar to your climate."

"And you?" said Isola, blushing, as she joined her sister. "Will you leave us, when we have learned to like you so very much, just as if you were—our brother?"

"He has asked me," said Tom, meditatively, "if I would become, for a time, his secretary. He says he is loth to part with me."

"You will not leave us?" murmured Isabella, in an inquiring tone.

"I am, of course, anxious to return to my dear friends in New York; but I have promised to proceed with you to his hacienda at Chenilagua, which, he informs me, is but three or four miles from the port of Realijo, on the Pacific Ocean. There steamships occasionally stop. On one of these I can proceed to the port of Panama, and, crossing the Isthmus, descend the river Chagres, and thence, by one of the regular mail steamers, finally reach New York, after my involuntary cruise in these latitudes."

At the close of the recital of his programme Tom laughed, in which he was joined by the ladies.

"Ah," insisted the grateful and hospitable Isabella, "once we get you inland we mean to keep you there. Sister and I are the daughters of the Fates, and we shall weave about you strong threads, yet so invisible, so impalpable to the touch that you may not break them, and so have you for our constant guest and dear friend."

"Here comes your father, ladies," said Tom, as he saw him shoot his canoe from the shore, "and alone. He proposed proceeding westward without unnecessary delay."

A few minutes later and the señor was straddling on the deck of his yacht.

"*Caramba!*" he exclaimed, as he threw away his half-smoked cigarette, "those revolutionists are in force at the North. Some of the Musquito people—Indians and half-breed negroes, who are never satisfied—are in arms. They threaten Leon again, and the coast people hereabouts are scarcely loyal to the government. These civil discords—these useless dissensions set on foot by ambitious men—by would-be military heroes and statesmen, and nourished into life and strength, are the bane of all Central America, and even of Mexico. With a rich soil, harbors and rivers penetrating her coasts on the two great seas, and placed midway between the European and Asiatic worlds, we ought, commercially, to rule the globe; but, *Caramba!* we are a miserable set of fools, and deserve to be crushed out of existence as a people!"

The señor was greatly excited, and stamped the deck as he spoke.

"If I knew this river a little better than the geography teaches I would not hesitate to pilot your yacht to the lake and through it myself," said Tom.

"There is a chart of the river on board," returned Gonzales.

"Then," said Tom, "let me have an hour's rest, and I, a stranger, will take you safely through your own country to Leon."

As he made this remark, now thoroughly overcome with fatigue, Tom threw himself on the white deck, and, forgetting his native politeness, fell into a profound sleep, which lasted until high noon.

He did not observe, when he had cast aside all restraint, that a second canoe had pushed from the shore, in which were two men, that made directly for the little vessel.

These men, natives, evidently, had a sullen, dissatisfied expression in their faces that did not impress Isabella or her sister favorably.

Señor Gonzales, however, was too anxious to proceed, and without stopping to question them about their antecedents, or look sharply into their faces, engaged them to run the yacht up the river to the lake.

When Tom awoke he was surprised to see these men.

One had the tiller, and the other, as they had to beat their way against the current, stood near by to

swing the boom as the yacht was put about, she being sloop-rigged.

"I do not like the appearance of these fellows," Tom mentally exclaimed. "They look as near to brigands as ever I have seen such characters in pictures. How suspiciously they glance about them, and how often they mutter to each other! Nero," he added, aloud, "I'm afraid we shall soon be in trouble again."

As he spoke, Tom rested a hand on the head of the dog, and the latter, looking up in his friend's face with his bright, intelligent eyes, gave a low growl, as much as to say:

"I feel that those fellows are dangerous, and I mean to be on the alert."

Then, rubbing his head affectionately against a leg of his young master, he walked slowly to where the young ladies were engaged in making up some trifles, such as the sex find room for in their boudoirs, and threw his huge body near them, resting his head on his outstretched paws.

"Señor Gonzalez," said Tom, resolved to know something of the character of his new crew, "do you know these men?"

"*Caramba!* no. How should I?" was his answer. "They came on board and offered their services. That's all I know of them."

"I notice that they are armed with heavy, long-bladed knives," remarked Tom. "Do peaceable men go about your country with naked bowie-knives stuck in their girdles?"

The señor laughed.

"Yes, Señor Tomaso," he answered, "the *machete*, or as you from its spelling would call it, *ma-che-te*, is worn by almost every native of Nicaragua—in fact, by Hispano-Americanos generally. It is their ax, when in the woods, and their weapon of assault and of defence when nothing better offers, and an effective weapon, I assure you, it is."

"Very well, señor," said Tom; "I permit me to suggest to you the propriety of your putting a percussion-cap on the nipple of your gun, and not be placed as you were last night. As for myself, I shall have fourteen good rifle balls in and for the defense of your children and of you and myself, should necessity arise. Another thing, and that is, go to these fellows and demand of them their *machetas*."

"That would provoke a quarrel, if nothing else did, my hero," returned the señor. "To demand the surrender of their weapons would be as unwise as for the captain of a vessel, crowded with passengers, to insist on the surrender of their pocket-knives. I apprehend not the slightest danger, Don Tomaso," added the señor, jocularly. "Still, I will be on the alert—and, by-the-way, look over there. Do you not see that long, ferocious-looking reptile? It is an alligator. It is asleep, or pretends to be. I will wake it up."

The señor hurried to his state-room.

Presently he returned with his rifle and several rounds of ammunition.

"It is rare sport," he resumed, "to go gunning for these vicious monsters. If I were at the head of affairs I'd give our revolutionary friends something to do. I would give to every one who brought in the head of an alligator a handsome bounty—say a hundred dollars for each one, in gold. Nicaragua would then be peaceable—that is, so long as there was an alligator left. Pshaw!" added the señor, "in my haste I forgot those caps."

While the señor was talking in this fashion, Tom was watching and thinking.

The men, he noticed, were greatly excited, notwithstanding that they tried to conceal the fact, and he desired to have on his person, ready for any emergency, his own trusty weapons.

"I will fetch you the percussion caps, Señor Gonzalez," he said. "I shall prepare my shooter, and we shall see which, rifle or my navy revolver, will prove most effective at short range."

It was at this time getting quite dark, and Tom hastened to where his weapons were concealed.

Fortunately, he had reloaded them the night before.

There is no twilight in tropical latitudes.

Night at once swallows up the day; and the moon and stars almost in a moment appear in all their effulgent splendor.

It was night when he again appeared on deck.

Scarcely had Tom possessed himself of his arms when he heard the main and other sails loosened from their gafts, and running toward the deck. There was little canvas out, and, therefore, it was readily handled.

Immediately following the lowering of the sails he heard the rattling of the anchor-chain. He now knew, from the peculiar motion of the vessel, that her progress had been checked, and he doubted if the señor had been questioned on the subject.

This was not all.

A sharp whistle was sounded, as if coming from the right bank of the river.

It was unhesitatingly answered by one of the strangers.

Then he heard Nero give a deep, savage growl.

The señoritas, in evident fright, screamed and sought the protection of their rooms, while at the same time they cried, in English:

"Help! help! Tom Burt! These are villains—pirates, also!"

All this transpired in such quick time that our young sailor seemed to be in a quandary as to what course he should pursue.

The threatening bark of Nero warned him not to delay.

He knew there was real danger when the dog sounded his note of warning.

It was followed by a terrible struggle.

Tom was on deck in the next moment.

There was starlight sufficient to discover to him the situation.

One of the scoundrels, a very powerful man, had wrenched the rifle from Señor Gonzalez.

In so doing he had thrown him heavily on the deck, where, striking his head against an iron bolt, he lay insensible and bleeding.

The other pirate, who had held the tiller since the yacht left the port of San Juan, was vainly struggling with the powerful Nero, who had suddenly sprung upon him and caught him by the throat.

The villain aimed with the rifle, which, fortunately, was this time without the necessary cap on the nipple, had clubbed it, and was about to brain the dog when he saw Tom advancing with a pistol in each hand.

Ignorant of its harmlessness, because of the absence of the percussion cap, the fellow desisted from striking the dog and turned upon Tom Burt.

"Surrender!" he growled, in English that was, because of its strange accent, scarcely distinguishable, "or I will kill you!"

Tom saw there was not a moment to be lost parleying.

A boat, in which were two men, doubtless confederates, was rapidly approaching.

"Fire! you lubber!" shouted Tom.

The pirate pulled the trigger.

The gun was silent!

"*Caramba!*" growled the scoundrel, as he again clubbed the rifle.

As he raised the weapon, and was about to strike and crush the boy's skull with its butt, a pistol was fired.

"*Caramba!*" the pirate groaned, as he put a hand to his breast.

He tumbled around for a moment like a drunken man.

Then he fell at Tom's feet.

He was dead.

"Hold him tight, Nero!" the boy cried. "Keep him down until I attend to these gentlemen. I'll settle with them in a few minutes, if Fortune favors me as she has thus far."

He pointed a revolver at the approaching canoe. The ball struck it in the bow.

The men in it ceased to paddle.

They were, no doubt, greatly confounded at the reception they had already met with, and from a quarter in which their confederates already in possession, they would have it all their own way, as they fancied.

Again Tom covered them and fired.

This time one of the men gave out a pitiful cry.

His paddle fell from his hand into the river.

They did not wait for a third salute.

To save themselves from further harm, they tumbled into the current and got on the shore side of the boat, permitting it to drift downward.

Tom could see nothing near at hand, even more unmerciful than Tom Burt's weapon.

The alligator heard them as they plunged.

It opened its sleepy eyes and then glided from its muddy resting-place into the tide.

It was a low, powerful stroke of the webbed feet it shot its scaly body forward with the directness and swiftness of an arrow sprung from its bow.

Then it opened its ponderous jaws, and when it closed them, a deep, awful groan was heard.

The crocodile had bitten in two parts the body of one of the men.

Tom Burt shuddered as he heard the dying moan of the pirate.

The alligator was not satisfied.

He rushed at the second robber—the one who had been wounded with the pistol.

This man made a desperate effort to regain his place in the boat.

The crocodile was too quick for him.

Again the monster closed his jaws upon the desperado's legs, and as a pair of sharp scissors would clip into two pieces a sheet of paper, its incisors cut from his body the lower members.

The fellow tumbled into the boat.

There he died in death.

And there, limbless, the corpse was discovered the next morning as the canoe was drifting near the mouth of the San Juan.

Tom Burt looked quickly about him.

"Nero," he whispered. "But first for this fellow."

Nero was still master of the living pirate.

The man was sensible.

The dog was covered with blood.

The pirate was terribly mangled about the face and breast.

During the struggle between him and Nero he had once only succeeded in striking his four-footed assailant with his machete.

Fortunately, the wound inflicted was neither deep nor painful.

Tom here recalled the fact that he had seen, a short time before, a set of handcuffs in the señor's cabin.

Procuring these, he slipped them on the pirate's wrists.

He secured them so that they could not be reopened except with a master-key.

Calling Nero off, he motioned to the desperado to stand upon his feet.

He obeyed, but with a sullen expression on his swarthy and savage countenance.

Tom next proceeded to where the señor was lying.

He examined his skull, and save the cut made in it by the deck ringbolt, saw that nothing very serious had befallen him.

Calling to the young ladies, he invited them on deck, to assist him in caring for their father.

Obeying the call, they hastened to where their benefactor was kneeling, and holding in his hands the head of their father.

They were greatly shocked, and wrung their hands in agony.

Upon being assured by Tom that the señor was only stunned, and would recover presently, with the assistance of cold water they set to work sensibly and vigorously, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes.

A little rest, a "*Caramba*" or two at the surviving pirate—who was subsequently taken care of by the authorities at Leon—then a cigar-ette, and Gonzalez was once more on his feet, as active and impulsive as before the assault.

Again the anchor was raised, sails set, and Tom at the tiller, the yacht, favored by a direct wind, and a full-orbed moon lighting in the narrow waters of the San Juan, passed gently onward—still westward her course.

"Well," mused Tom, in the middle watch, only himself and Nero on deck, the señor and his daughters having retired, utterly exhausted, the dead body of the pirate having been thrown overboard to be food for sharks and alligators—"well, if this isn't life on the ocean wave I'd like to know what is!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

ISOLA LECTURETH.

A FEW days subsequent to the happy termination of the incident related in the preceding chapter found the yacht, with none on board save the señor, his fair daughters and Tom Burt, on the waters of Lake Nicaragua.

There had been some little labor and difficulty experienced in getting the vessel over the thirty inconsiderable falls or rapids which break up the placid flow of the San Juan between its source and the sea.

This effort to reach the interior of Nicaragua was made successful by engaging, at the first rapids, peaceful and loyal native Indians to tow the yacht to the head of the river. In six days they had completed their task.

And now Tom Burt saw himself in a new world of health and tropical splendor.

He had just left a coast which is low, marshy and malarial, and where only treacherous natives, mostly cross-breeds of Indians and negroes, reside and live as much through plunder, and sometimes murder, as by honest toil.

The *machete* is a dangerous instrument in the hands of these almost barbarous aborigines and their admixtures with European and African races.

Now, he was in a beautiful basin of water—floating on the placid waters of a lake one hundred and ten miles in length by forty in breadth, surrounded by verdant hills in the rainy season, and in which float many islands, all of them paradises, and most of them inhabited.

And as the prow of the yacht still pointed westward and north-ward, our adventurer had an opportunity of looking at the volcanic island of Omo, the fires of which are ever burning, and which to the eye—like that of the volcano of Masaya, which lies ten leagues from the beautiful and rich city of Leon (the former capital), with its thirty thousand indolent inhabitants—presents in its crater the resemblance of molten gold. Indeed, so deceived were the early Spanish settlers with the appearance of the upheaving lava that they were persuaded it was pure metal, and desperate efforts, not unattended with loss of life, were made to reach it.

As they coasted one particular island, the eyes of Tom Burt were attracted to a large plain that seemed indeed to be yellow with gold. It appeared, in the sun, to possess high value.

Curiosity induced him to inquire of the señor what it was.

He was informed that it was a field of sugar-cane in full bloom.

It looked like a sheet of waving gold, in which were intermingled rich colors of purple and silver and green. He had never before beheld anything so gorgeous, and so said to the señor and his daughters.

"Our little state of Nicaragua," said the señor, "is full of riches, beauties and natural wonders. I am proud of my country. If it were only properly governed, all would be well. We are now nearing an island," resumed the señor, after a pause, during which Tom had expressed a signal desire to be lighted it, "known to us as Zapetiro. It is uninhabited. By the aborigines it is esteemed holy. It contains extensive ruins that are said to outdate the era of the Aztecs. They are supposed to have been the work of a people who passed from the earth ages upon ages ago. There are trees growing on some of the ruins that are certainly centuries old."

As he thus spoke the yacht glided past the mysterious shores of Zapetiro, and Tom could here and there perceive masses of ruins, which appeared without order to his eyes. They looked very much like a "burnt district" in New York, only covered with earth, more or less, in which vegetation had taken firm root.

This interested the señor, in his archæological humor, "that Nicaragua was never the home of the Aztec. He may have been here for a season, but his country was the plateau of Mexico and the plains lying further to the north, now part of the United States, and which were the native abodes of the indigenous ones, I mean—appear to have been divided into five great tribes or peoples, and the principal of these appears to have been the Choroteca, the language of which is yet spoken. A colony of this people was found here on the arrival of the Spaniards, with book-containing hieroglyphical characters, which the Choroteca did not understand, and even at that early date the ruins you see were ruins then. They say this is the 'New World,' but, judging from many of its remains and its mounds, and its excavations from Lake Superior, in the far north, to the Straits of Magellan, it ought to be called the 'Old,' and the Eastern Hemisphere the 'New World.'"

The yacht, with favoring zephyrs, ran rapidly past the numerous islands.

Tom Burt had his attention drawn to the various tropical birds which, with their exquisite forms and bright plumage, haunted the groves of orange, lime, and other trees that grew in splendid and graceful proportions on every side. Here the harsh notes of the untamed parrot, and of its various species, from the macaw to the parrokeet, could be heard, while they spread their golden and emerald painted wings; and there the eye was dazzled by the movements of that most sportive of the feathered tribes of all warm climates, the *colibri*, or humming-bird, as, with all its wealth of color, it flitted from orange-blossom to orange-blossom.

Tom Burt was enchanted with all he saw.

At the end of three days the light yacht, with its voyagers, was at the entrance to Lake Monagua, which lies north of the Nicaragua, and of which it is a principal feeder. Beyond Monagua, on its western border, in the middle of a large and extensively cultivated plain, lies Leon. On this plain may be found almost every vegetable, whether of large or small size, that finds nourishment within the tropics.

Here, anchoring, and placing the vessel in charge of an Indian who resided in a hacienda near by, which also was the property of enterprising Gonzales, the party, now thoroughly wearied with their weeks of confinement and excitement, hastened to the dwelling on the property.

The hacienda found to be composed of a square structure, built of adobe, a species of sun-dried brick, of very large size, and which is sheltered from rain by roofs of palm-leaf or other vegetable, which are laid so as to project far beyond the walls; making, in addition, graceful lounging-places in the day, when the sun pours his fierce rays upon the parched earth.

Within this structure only the most necessary furniture was admitted. There were no carpets, no ceilings, no bedsteads—nothing, in fine, that the mistress of a more northern home would deem essential to successful housekeeping.

Here and there, under the thatch, could be seen bright-green-coated lizards, or perhaps six to eight inches in length, but as these were esteemed harmless, no effort was made to expel them.

When a meal, composed of excellent fish, taken from the lake, and chicken salad and vegetables in many varieties, had been partaken of, Tom was conducted to a hammock made of the strings of the fibrous bark of the great cecropia—a magnificent tree which is to be found within the tropics, and allied to the palmetto—where soon, overcome with fatigue and heat, he fell into a dreamless sleep, which lasted until late in the evening.

It was his first *siesta* in the land of Nicaragua.

When, at length, he swung himself to the hard floor, and passed to the inner court, he found Isabella and her sister entirely recovered from the effects of their journey, and in his eyes more lovely, in their simple dresses, suitable as they were to the climate, than he had ever seen them before.

"After all," he said, when the usual compliments and inquiries as to rest had been ended, "the home is the place for women. She is not intended by nature to be imprisoned on board ship. There her beauty is hidden from the world, from the gaze and the worship of the many, and confined to the critical observation of the few, who, perhaps, soon cease to adore."

Isabella laughed outright, and on Isola's lips a smile could be seen.

"Really, Señor Tomaso," said the dark-eyed one, "I had no idea you were such a *cavalier servante*. Why, sir, you are as polite to us and as complimentary to our sex as the old haughty hidalgos were said to be when Don Quixote rode forth on his Rosinante to play knight-courteous to the trampled-upon of the women of Castile."

"I am practicing, you see," said Tom, with a laugh. "I propose setting up for a beau *cavalier*, and I know of no more beautiful ladies in Nicaragua to begin with."

"What!" exclaimed Isabella; "are you acquainted with other ladies in our land besides my sister and myself?"

"Save a horrible-looking old Indian squaw that I saw on the shore when we were working our way up the San Juan, you are the only two of your sex I have had the honor of addressing in my own or any other vernacular. As for the latter, I believe the only word I have learned that is not in my vocabulary is '*Caramba*,' whatever that may mean. I heard one of your tame parrots just now say it as Señor Gonzalez was passing it."

The ladies laughed heartily.

"And what said father to the parrot?" asked Isola.

"Oh," said Tom, very gravely, "he paused and looked at the bird, and answered it by crying energetically, as he threw his cigar upon the ground, '*Caramba!*' I suppose I am like the parrot—learn the oaths first."

Again the ladies laughed.

"As soon as father looks over his plantation here," remarked Isabella, when they had become composed, "he proposes taking us to Leon; thence we shall proceed to the estate near Realejo, which is our home residence. It is by the highway about forty miles from here, Leon lying midway. We shall pass directly through it. He has learned that the revolution has been suppressed."

"Then," said Tom Burt, "I suppose we may travel in peace? It will be a luxury."

"In any event," replied the elder sister, while her dark, splendid eyes softened with gratitude, "we shall not fear so long as we have with us our good friend—may we regard him as a brother?—Don Tomaso, for our protector."

And as she spoke she approached Tom, and unhesitatingly pressed her lips to his.

As she did so, Isola, through her large, effulgent orbs, looked up and blushed.

Poor Tom was greatly embarrassed.

He knew not what to say or do.

Happily for him the señor entered the cool apartment, and without seeming to notice the position in which at least two of its inmates were standing to each other, exclaimed:

"*Caramba!* Señor Burt, we are to have a fandango to-night. It will be given in the arbor near by. It will give you a notion of our native dances and music."

"May we also be present?" asked Isabella.

"Certainly! *Caramba!* children all, enjoy yourselves while you may. Ha, ha! it is the fandango that makes the boys and girls of our clime care for each other."

The señor laughed, and then lighted and smoked a cigar.

With another *Caramba!* which a parrot screamed back in his ears, he hastened to push forward some business, the necessity of which had occurred to him.

"The fandango, as practiced with us," remarked Isabella, quietly, "is a modification of the old Spanish dance of the name, which, among respectable people, has long since been ignored. As we have it, no disagreeable impression is carried away at the close of the entertainment. Of course we shall be mere spectators; the dance will be confined to the men and women of the *hacienda*."

While Isabella was thus explaining the character of the entertainment to which Tom had been invited, his eyes were directed to a large leaf, that looked as if it were covered with minute scarlet berries; and yet he noticed that there was life in them, and that they even moved.

"Pray, tell me what they are?" he asked, as he pointed to the leaf. "They look to me like scarlet beads, animated."

The señoritas again laughed.

"Do you not know their nature?" questioned Isola, archly.

"Faith, not I," answered our adventurer.

"They are of great commercial value," she continued; "so pa has instructed me. They are what, in our language, is known as the *cochinilla*; in yours, the cochineal. They generally live and thrive on the cactus, that curious plant there, which runs up, quite green, several feet, and when planted close together make an excellent fence or wall. It is from the cochineal insect that we have that rich, deep scarlet so much admired by all the world. Our women are at proper seasons, engaged in gathering and curing them, when they are sold. So light and small are these insects that it is said seventy thousand of them are required to weigh a pound! It is tedious work gathering them, Señor Tomaso. The wild cochinillas are harvested five or six times in the year, and the cultivated three or four times. Those you are looking at are the cultivated. When gathered they are put in bags and dipped in hot water, which kills them. They are then exposed to the sun, and in this manner aired, when they are ready for the market and the dyer. And, by-the-way, there are many shades of scarlet, from the purplish gray to the bright, splendid scarlet, due to this peculiar insect."

"Thank you, Miss Isola," said Tom, bowing to the fair girl, while a good-natured expression lighted up his features. "I really have not heard our fair sister, if she will permit me to so call her, speak so much altogether since I first met her, as she has within the last two or three minutes."

"Oh!" said Isabella, her black eyes beaming with fun, "she can talk when she gets started, and keep at it. I'm sure, as I heard you once remark, on another and less interesting occasion for all of us, while on the yacht, that once she gets started in the way of talking I cannot hold a candle to her!"

Isola laughed and blushed.

It was an unusually pleasant night.

The stars shone with a brilliancy unknown to our colder latitudes, and the air, considering how near to the equatorial region they were, was cool, even invigorating.

The notes of a guitar were heard, moving in slow time, and then the sharp ring of castanets, to give the music accent.

To Tom Burt's ear the cadences were not such as he had been accustomed to, and which, with us, is called "dance music."

"They are dancing," said Isabella. "Let us join the party."

The sisters and Tom walked slowly to the gathering.

There Tom saw, collected in knots, men and women, watching, with seemingly deep interest, a man and woman moving slowly, but not ungracefully, in harmony with the quaint air which the performers on the guitar and castanets were producing.

At first, to Tom the dancing appeared exceedingly monotonous, but gradually he became interested in it.

There was an ease of body, grace of limbs and poetry of motion in the steps that attracted him. He was himself not an indifferent dancer, and he saw in the fandango much that was poetical, while on the other hand there were, in the gesticulations, much that was coarse and to be condemned, which the cold blooded people of the north would not care to approve.

However, like all ardent youths, Tom felt that he could dance the measure, and turning to Señorita Isabella, asked her, jokingly, if she would become his partner.

Her face flushed for a moment, and she hesitatingly answered:

"My father would not approve of my so doing. He has notions which are somewhat at variance with those which obtain here, and which he gathered in your country. However, if you desire to dance I will find you a partner. Still, slow as it is, Don Tomaso, you will find the measure a difficult one for your feet."

But Tom did not.

He glided into it with the ease of one who had been accustomed to the fandango all his life. It was a simple two-four measure, depending more for emphasis on the movement of the body than of the feet.

In a few minutes he excited by his dancing the admiration of the lookers-on, who declared they had never seen it so well executed before.

His grace established him at once in the good opinion of the peasantry of the plantation, and not even Señor Gonzalez, who happened to come up while he was yet moving to the time of the languid music, could help remarking:

"*Caramba!* Don Tomaso! Why, you can beat us natives at our favorite amusement. Have you danced the fandango before, my boy?"

"I don't think, until you mentioned, an hour or two ago, that a fandango would be given, that I had ever heard the name. However, sir," he added, "the step is not a difficult one, and I found no trouble in falling into it. Now," he added, suddenly, "I'll give you something more lively—the sailor's hornpipe."

With that he sprang into the open space, and, securing the castanets, commenced whistling, and, as an accompaniment, rattling the castanets to the music of the reel.

He went at it vigorously. As he progressed he excited to enthusiasm his audience, who could not restrain their cries of approval.

Other reels and jigs he gave them. Finally he closed with the regular "Virginia break-down."

It made them hold their breath from sheer pleasure.

Tom had given them steps and movements they never before saw or imagined, and which to this day are a tradition on the shores of Lake Nicaragua.

Being in the humor for fun, but tiring of dancing, he next requested the use of the guitar. He was a master-player on the banjo, and, therefore, for him it was only a difficult matter to strike a few effective chords on the instrument.

Tom had a fine tenor voice—sweet, rich and resonant—which he had taken care to cultivate, and after a prelude he sang one of his most tender melodies. So soft and exquisite in tone was his utterance of "Annie Laurie" that even the proud and beautiful Isabella melted and wept like a child.

Isola was also in tears; and the señor, as he turned aside, said, softly:

"*Caramba!* what a boy is this I have fished out of the sea! He seems to be at home in everything."

For nearly two hours Tom sang and played for the pleasure of his listeners.

Indeed it was past midnight ere they would let him retire, and when the assemblage broke up Tom Burt was certainly regarded as the most wonderful young *hombre* they had ever seen.

"Is your fandango," asked Tom of the señor, as together they walked, with Isabella and Isola by their sides, "an Indian dance?"

"Oh, no," the señor answered, with a smile. "It is a very ancient Spanish dance. It is supposed to be of Moorish origin. At any rate, it was familiar to the Castilians long before Ferdinand and Isabella believed in Christophe Colon, or Columbus's mission, and sent him westward to find the unknown hemisphere."

[To be continued.]

"Floating to Fortune" was commenced in No. 647.

FLOATING TO FORTUNE. — "THE OTHER PIRATE, WHO HAD HELD THE TILLER SINCE THE YACHT LEFT THE PORT OF SAN JUAN, WAS VAINLY STRUGGLING WITH THE POWERFUL NEGRO, WHO HAD SUDDENLY SPRUNG UPON HIM AND CAUGHT HIM BY THE THROAT."—SEE PAGE 166.

Distinguished Scholars of Our Schools.

ROBERT C. POLLOCK,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 11, BERGEN SQUARE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

ROBERT C. POLLOCK is a pupil presented to us by with a very high indorsement at Grammar School No. 11, Bergen Square, Jersey City, N. J. "He is a first-rate boy in all respects," said Mr. Edward G. Ward, the intelligent and efficient Principal. "In one month he has taken six championships out of seven for study, which is certainly proof of his diligence and ability as a scholar." He is the son of John A. and Charlotte T. Pollock. He was born at Mount Union, Pa., July 21st, 1864, making him fourteen years of age. When six years old he began going to school at Huntington, Pa. He remained in a public school for several years, and then went to a private school. After this, having removed to Jersey City, he entered No. 11 in the first primary class, and is now in the second grammar class. In this school there is a system of monthly examinations in study, by which what are called "championships" are awarded to the best scholars, and their names are recorded in a book which is kept for public inspection. There is a great deal of spirit and rivalry in the classes, and, as has been shown, young Pollock has won the place of honor an unusual number of times. In his department he is always without fault. He has a pleasant and intelligent face and modest manners.

Grammar School No. 11 occupies the site of the first schoolhouse erected in New Jersey, about the year 1662. The neighborhood is one of the most eligible of the city, and provides an excellent class of pupils, and the school is in able hands.

ROBERT C. POLLOCK, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 11, BERGEN SQUARE, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

JOHN H. GIBBONS,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 29, CORNER AMITY AND COLUMBIA STREETS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

JOHN H. Gibbons was presented to us as a meritorious pupil on the occasion of our recent visit to Grammar School No. 29, corner of Amity and Columbia Streets, Brooklyn, New York. He was born in Boston, October 2d, 1865, making him in his fourteenth year. He is the son of Edward and Mary Gibbons. When about six years old he commenced going to a primary school in Boston, where he remained some three years, and then, having removed to the City of Washington, D. C., he attended school there for some length of time, taking a diploma. He next entered a public school in New York, and finally his present school in Brooklyn. He was advanced by the regular promotions to the first class. The Principal remarked to us that Gibbons was a most worthy and intelligent boy. He shows by his strict attention to his studies and by his whole deportment that he is not only very anxious to learn, but is trying very hard to excel his classmates, or, at least, to do as well as the best of them. He is tall for his years and well-made. His face shows intelligence and amiability. We are sure that he deserves this praise, and furthermore, that he will be encouraged and benefited by it.

Grammar School No. 29 has three departments, and a total of over eight hundred pupils. Kate J. McCloskey, the Principal of the Grammar Department, is a lady of great devotion to her duties, and has a school always under good discipline and systematic instruction. The other departments are also well-conducted.

THE LIBERATOR OF COLOMBIA.

SIMON BOLIVAR Y PONTE, ordinarily and familiarly known simply as Bolivar, is known in South American history as the liberator of Peru, and to him mainly the independence of the three South American States, Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia, is due.

He was born in Caracas, in what was then known as New Granada, July 24th, 1783, and was a scion of a family belonging to what was distinguished as the creole nobility.

A creole is, strictly speaking, only a native, but the term is applied to those born in America of foreign blood. Bolivar's ancestors were Spanish, but settling in New Granada, their offspring thus became Spanish creoles. The Spanish feelings and prejudices of Bolivar's parents caused them to send him to Madrid to be educated. He remained there until 1801, when he returned to his native land, bringing with him a young Spanish wife, who, however, died of yellow fever almost immediately upon her arrival.

At this time New Granada was a province of Spain, but on April 19th, 1810, a revolution broke out at Caracas, and Bolivar was selected for a mission to London to purchase arms and solicit British aid. On his return he joined the insurgent ranks, and was made lieutenant-colonel, on the staff of General Miranda, being made commander of the fortress of Puerto Cabello, the strongest fortress of Venezuela, but he was soon forced to evacuate it, as the Spanish prisoners of war confined in the citadel, about 1,200 in number, succeeded in overcoming their guards and in seizing the citadel. Bolivar retired to his estate at San Mateo, and the fortress was occupied by the Spaniards. By the treaty of Vitoria, signed July 25th, 1813, Venezuela was restored to Spanish rule. General Miranda, who signed the treaty, endeavored to leave the country, but was arrested in the night at La Guayra, by Bolivar and other officers, and surrendered to the Spanish commander, who sent him to Spain, where he died some years after in captivity. Bolivar now raised a force of soldiers and started on an expedition against the Spaniards in Venezuela, in January, 1813, which was ultimately successful, and peace was concluded August 4th, 1813, the liberating army entering the capital in triumph. Bolivar proclaimed himself "Dictator and Liberator of the Western Provinces of Venezuela," created the Order of the Liberator, and surrounded himself with the show of a court.

But the people, becoming suspicious that he was aiming at personal aggrandizement, became dissatisfied, and the Spaniards resumed the offensive, and in June, 1814, Bolivar was defeated in battle at La Puerta. Caracas was then taken, and Bolivar, again defeated at Aragua, fled to Cumana, and finally arrived at Tunja, where the Congress of the Republic of New Granada created him commander-in-chief. He now determined, that he would not only march against the Spaniards at Santa Marta, which was the only remaining fortress held by them in New Granada, but also force the President of Cundinamarca to acknowledge the authority of the Congress of New Granada. In the latter design he was successful, but the Spaniards were too powerfully intrenched for him, and a long war followed, which had varying success, until at last, in December, 1819, the Republic of Colombia, embracing New Granada, Venezuela and Ecuador, was declared independent, and Bolivar was made its first President.

The Spaniards kept up desultory fighting for a couple of years after, but their power was finally broken.

The new constitution of the republic was published on August 30th, 1821, and Bolivar's powers were renewed and increased. He undertook a new campaign against the Spaniards at Quito, and also marched to the assistance of General San Martin, of Peru, in driving the Spaniards from that country, and on February 10th, 1824, the Congress of Lima made him Dictator, which he held for exactly one year, and then resigned.

From this time till his death, in 1830, he was called back and forth through the various portions of the country, crushing oppositions, quelling disturbances, and ruling the land with a firm though just rule. In January, 1830, he was made President for the fifth time, but in April he again resigned, and retired to San Pedro, where, on December 17th, he died.

During his whole life he was never without enemies, and he was constantly charged with ambition. But these charges were probably without truth. He stands as one of the great men in South American history. He conquered the independence of three States, and secured their recognition by other powers. He gave them laws which secured the better administration of justice, and though he had control of the treasuries of Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia, he died a comparatively poor man, having expended nearly all his own fortune in the people's service.

He was fond of pleasure, fame, and power, but patriotism and a love of freedom marked him as a leader. By decree of the Congress of New Granada his remains were removed, in 1843, to Caracas, and in 1858 the city of Lima erected an equestrian statue to the "Liberator of the Peruvian Nation."

Our young readers perceive that the full name is given Bolivar y Ponte, and they frequently see Spanish names in this form. The letter y, pronounced *e*, is the Spanish word for *and*. The two names connected are, first, the father's name; and second, the mother's maiden name.

ROY, THE RANGER.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

[Our story is of stirring times, when gallant men were mustering to bear the Stars and Stripes at the head of our armies across the frontier. The boys who panted then to rush to the field of glory are, many of them, now gray-headed men; but the adventures of these days still make them feel their youth return.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE BANDIT'S WOOING.

ROMANO FALCON'S face wore an exultant expression, but Zeila's face was very pale, and her eyes burned with a bright intensity, as they returned into the apartment that contained the rangers and their custodians—those strange ruffians whose knowledge of his past history and ambiguous words had so bewildered Roy.

This is what had taken place between the bandit Chief and Zeila Bellingham:

The chamber to which he had led her was a small one, at the end of the passage, and had been arranged for a sleeping-room, as it contained a camp-bed, a table, and two chairs, of the rudest construction.

A hanging-lamp, such as are used in the Mexican churches, and which had probably been purloined from one of them, was suspended from the wall, lighting the room, though not very brilliantly.

A number of different kinds of garments were hanging on pegs against the wall, amongst which was a monk's frock and cowl.

These would seem to indicate that Romano Falcon found it expedient at times to doff his gay and capricious uniform and assume different disguises.

On the opposite wall was displayed quite a quan-

JOHN H. GIBBONS, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 29, AMITY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

tity of weapons—swords, daggers, and antique-shaped pistols, strangely blended.

Romano Falcon placed one of the chairs for Zelia, and he placed it in such a position that when she occupied it the light from the hanging-lamp would fall full upon her face.

"Be seated, *señora*," he said, politely.

Zelia sank upon the stool with that natural grace that accompanied her every action.

Glancing up in the face of the bandit chief, as he stood a few paces from her, she caught the look of intense admiration upon his face.

Zelia was used to conquest, and one glance was enough to convince her that Romano Falcon had been stricken deeply by the strange beauty of her face—a beauty that contrasted so strongly with the dark faces, eyes and hair of his country women.

The pure Saxon face of Zelia was a new revelation of loveliness to the robber chief, and his heart was caught by it, as the bright flame of the candle attracts the winged insect, and to follow out the simile, it might possibly lure him to his destruction.

Zelia smiled as she caught the expression of his face.

"Fool!" she murmured to herself, "I shall have no difficulty in settling the terms of Roy's ransom with him."

Swayed by this thought, she beamed one of her entrancing smiles upon him.

"Señor Capitano," she began, "let us arrange this business."

"Señora, I am your slave; you have but to express your wishes to be obeyed," he answered, with extravagant politeness.

Zelia smiled again.

"Oh, you are there, my gallant robber!" she told herself, complacently.

Then she said to him:

"I require the release of these two rangers."

He bowed his head, answering:

"That is understood."

"Their arms to be restored to them, and they permitted to rejoin their army."

"Very good."

"You will set them free?"

"Most certainly, since you desire it."

"Señor, you are very obliging."

Señora, you are very beautiful!" he returned, fervently.

"I am aware of that fact," replied Zelia, with a negligent toss of her head. "There was no lack of looking-glasses in the country from which I came. A truce to compliments. Let us settle this business at once. What ransom do you demand?"

"Yourself."

Zelia stared hard in the bandit's face, scarcely comprehending his reply.

"How?" she demanded.

"Yourself," he repeated, significantly.

And his gloating eyes told more than his words.

Zelia sprang indignantly to her feet.

"Would you insult me, Señor Capitano?" she cried, hotly.

"Is it an insult to love you, señora?" he answered, gallantly.

"Oh! love me as much as you like," she rejoined, impatiently. "I am used to such phrases as you are using, but I consider them out of place here. I came to treat of business, not of love. I wish you to fix the price of this young ranger's ransom."

"I have fixed it," he answered, composedly.

"What?"

"Yourself."

"You mock me!"

"No, señora; I am serious; I speak not jestingly, but in earnest. Since my eyes have feasted upon the ravishing beauty of your face an intense desire to obtain you has taken possession of my soul."

Zelia could not repress a thrill of loathing at these words.

"You! Oh! as if that could be possible," she cried.

The robber noted her aversion, but it did not seem to anger him.

He only smiled significantly, and his white teeth gleamed in a peculiar manner from beneath his heavy black mustache.

"Need I remind you, señora, that you are utterly and entirely in my power?" he said, gently; but there was a menace in that very gentleness.

She drew her slight and graceful form proudly up.

"You forget the safe conduct of the Padre Jaranta!" she exclaimed.

He laughed contemptuously, and snapped the fingers of his right hand.

"The Padre is not here," he replied: "he might save you if he was—though that is doubtful, for though he is a holy man, the champion of the Church and State, you are surrounded by a band of miscreants, who fear neither God nor man, whose lives are all due to the gallows, who have no sentiment of pity, or compunction for any deed of blood or rapine, and they acknowledge me as their chief. Here, my power is supreme, my word the law. Even the Padre would find himself powerless if he were to try to thwart my commands."

Zelia shivered as the conviction that the bandit was not making any idle boast in this forced itself upon her mind, and that conviction filled her soul with dismay.

She had confidently expected to accompany Roy to the American camp, to watch over him like a guardian angel, to follow his fortunes wherever they led.

To nurse him back to health if he should be wounded, in the battle-field—and such a contingency his reckless daring made very probable—and, happy, to the end win his love and lead him back to his Boston home.

This wild dream was now the mainspring of Zelia Bellingham's life—a kind of delicious phantom that beckoned to her and led her on in this illusive chase. Following this spectre of a hope, when Roy's protracted absence from his home had outwearied her patience, she had sought for him amidst scenes of strife and danger, with the courage born of an undaunted heart.

And that Zelia Bellingham had courage, I need not tell you. Whatever faults or failings may have fallen to this strange woman's lot, timidity was not one of them. No thought of danger could pale her cheek, no terror dim the lustre of those glittering blue eyes, that gleamed like radiant sapphires set in ivory.

She stood now before the bandit chief, like a sleek leopard brought suddenly to bay, when opposition was not dreamed of.

His proposal had taken her utterly and entirely by surprise.

In her disappointment and anger at this unexpected prospect, she could almost find it in her heart to curse that beauty in which she had found so much pride.

But for her face the robber would have taken her gold and let them go free—she, Roy, and his friend, Tom Meade; had she been plain, ugly, or passably fair of feature, the bandit would not have thought of such a ransom. She gave Romano Falcon more credit for cunning now than at first.

She deemed him something more than the commonplace miscreant and cutthroat he had seemed to be.

"He sees that I love Roy—that my whole soul is bound up in him, and he thinks that I would make any sacrifice—woman-like—to save his life," she told herself. "And so I would—but not such a one as that!"

She shuddered over the reflection.

Romano Falcon watched her keenly with his glittering, bead-like eyes.

"Pardon me, señora, if I have been thus explicit in revealing your true situation to you," he continued. "And pardon me again if I take advantage of that situation to urge a suit which I would fain make a pleasant one to you. I would be indebted to your complaisance, and not to force, for the accomplishment of my wishes; but all things are fair in love!" Here he shrugged his shoulders significantly, and the blood flushed hotly to Zelia's cheeks. "What I cannot win by gentleness I must have per force."

"Oh! would you dare?" she cried, hissingly, through her set teeth; and she glared upon him with such a look of ferocity that he started back amazedly, as if apprehensive that she was about to spring upon him.

But if Zelia had any such thought, she checked it, and grew suddenly calm, as if some new plan of action had presented itself to her mind.

"Men dare all things in love," he answered, growing gallant again. "The señora has as much spirit as beauty, I see, and I rejoice at it. The wife of a chief like myself should be brave as well as beautiful."

"Your wife?" demanded Zelia. "You would have me marry you?"

"Such is my desire, and such an act on your part would crown my life with bliss."

"His wife? Oh!" murmured Zelia, as if a new train of thought was suggested to her mind.

"You see I would act honorably toward you?"

"Oh, most honorably!"

Zelia's shapely upper lip curled scornfully.

This was, indeed, an honor for a daughter of the Alvertons—the wife of a Bellingham—to marry a Mexican miscreant—a jackal of the war—with a halter awaiting him from both the contending parties!

She would have laughed scornfully in his face had not prudence restrained her.

She was fully conscious of the peril of her position. The safe conduct of Padre Jaranta, which had hitherto been a talisman of safety to her, was useless here. She knew this enamored chieftain of a miscreant horde would disregard it.

She was in his power, at his mercy, for the time, and it was folly to try and blind her eyes to the truth.

It was not alone her honor that was at stake, but Roy's life also.

She must save him first, and then defend herself as best she could.

Her fair head drooped slowly to her breast as she came to that conclusion; and in this action she resembled a lovely flower wilting upon its stalk.

The bandit watched her exultingly.

"She yields—she yields!" he muttered. "*Santa Maria!* what a bride is here for Romano Falcon! I'll capture a hacienda for her, and furnish it like a palace."

Zelia raised her head slowly, and again revealed her face.

It now wore its loveliest and most angelic expression. All scorn and defiance had faded from the large blue eyes, and they now gleamed with a pleading, pitiful expression, like those of the hunted gazelle.

"You drive a hard bargain with me," she said.

"It is my love that urges me to do so," he responded, with a deprecating smile.

"I could give you a golden ransom."

"No gold is so precious in my sight as the tresses of your fair hair."

"I have diamonds—gems of value."

ROY THE RANGER.—"'THIS WILL BE OF MORE SERVICE TO ME THAN THE SAFE CONDUCT OF THE PADRE JARANTA WITH THIS MISCREANT,' ROMANO FALCON,' SAID ZELIA, AS SHE DISPLAYED THE DAGGER."

SIMON BOLIVAR, THE LIBERATOR OF SOUTH AMERICA.

"What diamonds can compare with your beauteous eyes?"

"Oh, heavens! this man is mad!" she murmured, impatiently. "Is there no other way?"

"None; you must be mine!"

"If I consent, will you set these rangers free?"

"Upon the instant."

"If I refuse?"

"They shall die!"

She shivered, for she did not doubt that he would keep his word.

Never had this fair schemer found herself so completely in the toils before.

"Need I remind you that I can kill them, and also force you to be mine?" he continued, as she remained silent after his last words. "I merely liberate them as a token of my regard for you. Do you not appreciate it?"

"It is a strange regard," she answered, vaguely.

"Love comes unbid to the heart; it came to mine at the first glance at your beautiful face, so unlike any I had ever seen before—so like the pictured Madonns over a holy shrine. Be wise and consent. I can make you rich with my sword before this war is ended."

"What can I do but yield consent," she answered, with an arch smile, "since you will take no refusal? You hold in your hands a life that is very dear to me—my son——"

"Not your own son?"

"He is as dear to me as if he were. If I consent, he is to be liberated at once?"

"I have said so; and if you doubt my words I will swear it to you by all I hold sacred."

"Your word is enough. Set them free."

"Then you consent?" he cried, eagerly.

"I shall remain when they are gone," she answered, evasively. "Is not the power of compliance in your hands?"

"True. Let me seal the compact upon those lips and I am satisfied."

A shudder of disgust convulsed her frame, but it was only momentary; then she submitted to the bandit's salute.

"Oh, Roy, it is for your sake!" she murmured, as the bandit turned toward the door.

"Come," he said, "let me prove the sincerity of my love."

"Oh, villain! I will make you pay dearly for this indignity!" she muttered fiercely, as she followed him.

It was with this understanding that they returned to the larger apartment that contained the captive rangers.

Hartnett and Graghty drew back as they entered the room, and Roy gazed curiously at Zelia.

"Unbind their arms, and restore their weapons to them," commanded Romano Falcon.

Hartnett and Graghty exchanged a glance of satisfaction as they proceeded to obey his order.

"You have settled upon the terms of ransom?" Roy inquired of Zelia.

"Yes, Roy," she answered.

"How much—and how to be paid?"

"Permit me a few words with him in private?" Zelia said to Falcon.

"Certainly," he replied, graciously. "Bid him adieu, for you are not likely to see him again. Though I spare him now, his fate, as well as the rest of these presumptuous invaders of our land, is sealed. Our brave army surrounds the hostile force with overwhelming numbers. One battle will destroy them all."

"I'd like to gamble a little on that!" muttered Toss Meade, shaking his released arms to restore the circulation of the blood. "I'd give odds that Old Rough-and-Ready fixes their brave army the first chance he gets. Didn't it you, Roy?"

"I would, indeed!" replied Roy.

Romano Falcon beckoned to Hartnett and Graghty to follow him.

"Send him forth when you have spoken to him," he said to Zelia, "and I will put him on the road to Frontone, or Point Isabel, as the invaders call it."

He quitted the apartment, followed by his two subordinates.

"Don't you go with us?" cried Toss, surprisedly; and Roy echoed the question.

"Leave us; I would speak with Roy alone," she made answer to Toss.

The young ranger hesitated, and Roy, seeing the impatient look gathering upon Zelia's face, said:

"Go, Toss."

"All right. What in thunder can she have to say to him that she is so private about it?" Toss muttered to himself, as he went reluctantly through the door.

"Zelia, there is some mystery in our release!" cried Roy, when they were left alone together.

"Mystery! What mystery!" she rejoined, calmly. "He has accepted a ransom, and you are free. What mystery is there in that?"

Roy shook his head.

"Why do you not go with us?" he demanded.

"I am detained as a hostage until the ransom is paid. What could be more simple?"

"Must I leave you here in the power of these ruthless men? If they were regular soldiers, commanded by a commissioned officer, it would be different; but these are only cutthroats and robbers leagued together for plunder and rapine. Let me remain with you until the ransom comes. I can protect you from insult!"

Her face brightened at these words.

"Ah! you have some thought for my safety, then? You do care for me?" she cried, earnestly.

"Oh! if I could only instill into your heart a fraction of the love that fills mine for you!"

She fell lovingly upon his neck.

"My mother!" stammered Roy, embarrassed, as he always was by these outbursts of her affection for him, and not returning her fond embrace.

She drew back disappointedly.

"Don't call me *mother!*" she exclaimed, petulantly. "Can I be nothing but a mother to you?"

"What else can you be?" he asked, amazedly.

She bit her lip in vexation.

"I might be sister—a loving sister—one who could counsel and aid you," she answered. "That was what I sought to be in our quiet home before the roving fancy seized your mind. Oh! why did you come amid these scenes of strife, and thus expose us both to such peril?"

Roy smiled.

"My motive in leaving home was clear," he answered. "I wished to have a little excitement, and accept the peril and danger, as necessary consequences, like a knight-errant of old; but your motive in so doing is not so plain."

"It is plain enough, if you only had the eyes to see it," she replied, significantly.

"Well, I can see it, that's a fact."

"Oh! have you a heart?" she burst forth, passionately.

He looked bewildered by the question.

"Well, I have always supposed that I had," he rejoined. "At all events, I have got something here that answers the purpose of one."

She gazed yearningly into his dark, handsome, but, to her, impassive face.

"I have heard of hearts of stone," she said, plaintively; "and I almost begin to think such a one is yours."

"So much the better for me if a bullet happens to go that way!" he cried, lightly.

She shuddered.

"Oh, don't talk in that way, Roy!" she exclaimed. "It chills the very blood in my veins to think you may be killed in this strife, in which you had no cause to take a part."

He shook his head, throwing the wavy masses of his chestnut hair back from his brow with the old familiar gesture; and it seemed to Zelia as if a shadow might rise up between them and waved her back with a spectral hand.

"He lives again—the father in the son!" she murmured.

Again that same spectral hand appeared to lay its icy fingers on her heart.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing—nothing!" she stammered.

"You were saying that I had no cause to take a part in this war?" he continued. "There I differ with you. When a country is at war it has a right to call upon all its sons to serve its cause. I wanted to see a little fighting. I have read so much about battles that I wished to participate in a few. Every man to his calling. The dull life of the civilian does not suit me. I was born to be a soldier, or I should not be here."

"Yes, Roy, a soldier and a hero!" she cried, enthusiastically. "Oh, that I were a man, that I might fight by your side!"

"You are brave enough to be one," he answered; "but the days of the Amazons are over, the women have to content themselves now with nursing the wounded."

"Yes," she replied; but her tone seemed to indicate that such an occupation would not content her. "But you must go now."

"And leave you here?" he rejoined, reluctantly.

"It must be so; such is the compact I have made with this robber chief."

"He may prove false to it and keep you captive after the ransom is received."

"Why should he keep me captive?" asked Zelia, with pretended carelessness, but she cast a searching glance upon Roy's face as she put the question.

"He might keep you until he had extorted a ransom for your release," was his reply.

"True, he might; but I have a safeguard that might make him repent his treachery."

"The safe conduct of that Padre Jaranta?"

"No, another."

She unbuttoned two buttons of her dress at the breast, and drew forth a silver-hilted dagger in a black velvet sheath.

CHAPTER VII.

SOMETHING OF THE PAST.

"THIS will be of more service to me than the safe conduct of the Padre Jarenta with this miscreant Romano Falcon," said Zelia, as she displayed the dagger.

For the first time Zelia received a sympathetic glance from Roy's dark eyes, and it thrilled her strangely.

"You can defend yourself?" he said.

"I can and will. See, this is a pretty toy, but a dangerous one."

She drew the dagger from its sheath and exposed its blade—a long and glittering one, as bright as glass, and with an edge as keen as a razor.

Roy took the dagger from her hand, examined it critically, and tried its keen edge with his finger.

"A serviceable weapon," he remarked, and gave it back to her.

"Yes," she answered, and returned the bright blade to its sheath and concealed it again in the bosom of her dress. "I wear it over my heart," she added, with a smile.

"You would not fear to use it?"

"No; neither on myself or others. I will remain worthy of your love, or die!"

Roy did not appreciate the heroism of these words.

"My love?" he rejoined, with some little embarrassment. "Do not make any sacrifice on my account, I beg of you."

Again was Zelia forced to hide her vexation.

"Would you have me submit to dishonor?" she cried, reproachfully.

"By no means," he answered, quickly. "If you think you are in any peril here I will not leave you. There are some men in this band who have evinced a friendly interest for me—those two who were here but now. They are Americans, deserters from General Taylor's army, ruffians, undoubtedly, but still possessing some redeeming qualities. They assured me that they would not permit this Romano Falcon to murder me or Toss."

Zelia listened to this surprisedly.

"That's strange!" she rejoined. "Why should they take this interest in you?"

"It appears that they knew my father."

"What, your supposed father, Belcher Wilder?"

"No; my true father—your first husband!"

Zelia started, and turned pale.

"Leroy?" she gasped.

"Yes."

"What are the names of these men?"

"They are called Tomaso and Edgardo here."

"That cannot be their true names!"

"You only changed into another language, for in English they would be Thomas and Edgar, or Edward."

"Ah, yes, true! And these men knew Leroy—knew your father?" she questioned, tremulously.

"Yes, and were with him, or near by, on the night that he met his death."

"Oh, heavens!"

She shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

With all her strength of mind and self-possession she could not trust her eyes to his earnest look whilst he spoke of that night's dread tragedy. Was that crime never to rest—was it to rise before her, crushing her fondest hopes, through all the coming years of her life? Well might she shudder at such a bitter reflection.

"Why are you so agitated?" he inquired; and a slight suspicion in his mind prompted the question.

Hartnett and Graghty had intimated that Onslow Bellingham was in some manner implicated in his father's death, and Zelia, he thought, could tell whether that death had been produced by accident or design.

Zelia knew instinctively the train of thought that was passing through his mind, and she felt that she must kill this suspicion in the very bud, or her scheme to win his love would prove abortive.

She still kept her face concealed from him as she answered, plaintively:

"Ah, Roy! if you knew how dear your father was to me, how deeply I regretted his loss, you would not ask me that question. Tell me what are the other names of these men you spoke of. Thomas and Edward signify nothing; what are their surnames?"

"I do not know. I did not ask them. Toss told one he was an Irishman, and I think he is; but the other is a Yankee—a veritable New Englander. I am positive of that."

"What did they tell you?"

"They spoke of a burning mill, and as if my life had been in peril—a peril from which I was rescued by Belcher Wilder, though they were at a loss to understand how, as they thought we both perished in the fire."

"Did they speak of your Uncle Onslow?"

"Yes; he was present at the fire, I judged by what they said."

She removed her hands now and let him see her face.

It was pale, but the features were tranquil. She had heard the worst, she thought, and feared no other startling surprise that might betray her into an exhibition of agitation.

"Yes, he was there; and nearly lost his own life in an attempt to save his brother," she said.

Roy stared surprisedly at her.

"Are you sure of that?" he demanded. "From what these men said I was inclined to think that Onslow had some way contrived my father's death."

"Oh, Roy, Roy! you must not think so!" she cried, imploringly. "No doubt these ruffians have sought to instill such thoughts into your head. They would cast their guilt upon others. It is so easy to defame the dead, for they cannot speak in their own defense—they cannot refute even the most glaring falsehoods."

Roy was not satisfied by this appeal. He remembered the strange words of Onslow Bellingham in his last agony, and he could only think that they were extracted from him by the torturing rack of a guilty conscience.

There were mysterious circumstances attending his father's death, and he was anxious to learn them, if he could; and he felt almost confident that the woman standing before him could give him the desired information. She could if she would. But between "could" and "would" there is a wide difference.

Would she? was the question that perplexed his mind.

Swayed by these thoughts, he put the question directly to her:

"Are you sure that Onslow had no hand in my father's death?"

She met it composedly, answering:

"Do you you think I would have married him if I thought that?"

"Why did you marry him?" asked Roy, bluntly. This second marriage had always been a subject of perplexity in his mind.

"Have I not told you? It was to keep the property intact," she answered, with some show of impatience. "I had nothing but my thirds to look to, I was very young—a mere girl—and I was advised to do it. Oh, Roy! do not blame me. I would have been true to your father's memory if I could."

The tears stood in her eyes as she made this appeal.

"I do not blame you," he replied, gently. "Why should I?"

"Because—because you are *his son*," she rejoined, with more confidence, for this explanation was always an irksome task to her. "We are not friends, you know, in his worlds, but the victims of circumstances. Onslow was very kind to me in my bereavement, and I—I——"

She hesitated diffidently.

"Learned to love him?" he suggested.

"Yes—that is, I thought I did; and in this delusion I married him."

"Was it a delusion?" asked Roy, surprisedly.

This was a revelation he had not expected.

"It proved so. I discovered my mistake when it was too late to rectify it. I have never experienced what love is but once."

"That was for my father?" he cried, and his face brightened.

He could like her better for having loved his father; and Zelia would have been wise to have left him in that delusion, but she would not. The most cunning people in the world often undo their own work by stretching their artifice a little too far. Thus Zelia now made a false step, and overshot the mark she aimed at.

"No, not for your father, Roy," she murmured, tremulously.

He frowned and threw back his hair as a lion tosses back his mane.

"For Onslow?" he cried, sternly.

"No, no, no! How can you think so?"

"For who, then?"

"Yourself, Roy!"

She made a movement to cast herself upon his breast, but he put forth his hands and repelled her.

"This is folly, madame," he said.

She saw she had gone too far, and so she buried her face in her hands and began to sob, murmuring:

"I cannot help it. I love you—I love you; it is my fate to do so. I shall love you as long as I live, even if I never meet with a return. Oh! why can you not love me?"

"I do," he answered.

Her sobs ceased suddenly, and, with a glad cry, she removed her hands from her face.

"You do?"

"Yes—as a *mother*."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, vexatiously.

I am inclined to think that Roy was influenced by a spirit of mischief here. That she thought so was evident from her next words.

"Oh, laugh at me—deride me, if you will!" she cried, petulantly. "But search this world through, and you will never find a woman who loves you as well as I do. I could be to you what I would!"

Roy smiled at this passionate outburst. In his mind's eye there rose up before him another face, framed in just such golden hair, with the same clear red-and-white complexion, and the same lustrous eyes of blue; only the owner of this face was some twenty years younger, and her form was taller and more supple, though just as graceful in its movements.

He remembered a parting kiss—and his blood tingled pleasantly at the recollection—and a promise to be "faithful unto death"—the echo of those sweet words lingering for long hours after in his ears.

With his heart love-proof against love, he could coldly resist all Zelia's powers of fascination with an equanimity that baffled and bewildered her.

"You shall be what your position in my family entitles you to be," he answered, gravely; "and you shall never find me wanting the affection and respect which is your due. As you have been so frank with me in one respect, be so in another."

"What other?" she inquired, curiously.

"Tell me all you know of my childhood's history. Why I was brought up as the son of Belcher Wilder; and if my father was foully dealt with in his death."

"Why do you wish to know?"

"To avenge that death as becomes a son. A murdered father bequeaths to his son a holy legacy in his revenge."

She shuddered. On her head alone could that vengeance fall; but she felt that he could never gain the knowledge that would implicate her, even while she shuddered. Yet it was a dreadful reflection that she was more likely to incur his hate than win his love.

"I can tell you nothing," she answered.

"Nothing?" he exclaimed, disappointedly.

"No, nothing more than I have already told you. I discovered you by accident. Belcher Wilder's account of his adoption of you was very simple. He was belated on the road between Abington and Weymouth, and, overtaken by a storm, sought shelter in an old mill by the roadside. It had long been deserted and unused. Your father set out that very night to carry a packet of papers to Judge Eaton, in Weymouth. He took you with him."

"Why did he take me?" inquired Roy.

He was much interested in this; for after declaring that she could tell him nothing but what she had already told him, she was giving him some particulars that he had never heard before, not even from Richard Eaton, his faithful guardian and firm friend.

"I do not know—it was a whim of his," she answered, telling her story with the greatest circumspection, so as to counterbalance whatever details he had received from the ruffians, Hartnett and Graghty. "He was subject to odd fancies at times; besides, it was in the Summer, and a storm was unlooked for. There was nothing in the air or sky to indicate its coming when he set forth."

"But he was caught in it?"

"Yes, on the road to the mill in which Belcher Wilder had taken shelter. What next I am about to tell you in Wilder's story. Whether it is true or not, you are as competent to judge as myself. I can only say that it is a very strange story."

"Ah! that I have heard of that night's adventure at the old mill is strange."

"Yes; and time has thrown little light upon the mystery. From what this man Wilder says, it appears that your father was beset by highwaymen or footpads, whose object was plunder. He escaped from them, though his horse was killed, and took shelter in the mill, bearing you in his arms. Here he met with Wilder, who, being armed with a revolver, undertook to defend him."

"I can readily believe that. Whatever Belcher Wilder's faults may have been, or whatever his calling was, he was a brave and generous man. He would never have disregarded a call for assistance from a brother-mortal in peril; and I am something like him in that respect."

"He did not succeed in saving your father's life, however. He made a desperate resistance, and killed three of the highwaymen, and then, his ammunition being exhausted, he was obliged to retreat to the left of the mill. This is his story, remember; I cannot vouch for its truth."

"I do not doubt it. Then the villains set fire to the mill?"

"How did you know that? Did these men here tell you so?" she questioned, nervously.

"Yes. How did Belcher Wilder get me out of the burning mill?"

"Did they not tell you?"

"No; they could not. From what one of them said, I know that they thought Wilder and myself both perished in the flames."

Zelia breathed a sigh of relief. These men might betray the share that Onslow had taken in that dark transaction, but they could not know her agency in it.

Wilder was dead, and Richard Eaton could prove nothing, even if he should break the promise he had given her. Besides, when Roy departed from the bandit's camp he was never likely to encounter these men again. She could give her own version of the affair, and settle it for ever. Swayed by these reflections, she said:

"The manner of Wilder's escape was very simple. There was a window in the rear wall of the mill, looking out upon the river, and Wilder jumped from this window and swam with you to the opposite bank."

"Well done!" exclaimed Roy, who fully appreciated an act of bravery. "Now, one question more. Did my uncle Onslow get the wound that left that scar on his face that night?"

Zelia tried to evade this question.

"I—I—think not," she replied, hesitatingly.

"When did he get it?" persisted Roy.

"I don't know."

She told this deliberate falsehood with so frank a face that Roy was puzzled.

"Did he have it on his face when you married him?" he continued, persistently.

She dared not lie to him here.

"Yes," she replied, unwillingly.

"Ha! I do believe that he had some hand in my father's death, as these men said."

"They lied, Roy, they lied! Do not believe them!" she exclaimed, vehemently. "And even if he did, what avails the knowledge of it now? He is dead—in his grave—past all earthly vengeance. Leave his soul to answer to his Maker for what he has done."

These words impressed Roy strongly.

"You are right, Zelia," he replied, giving her the name that she had always entreated him to call her. "His soul has appeared before the Great Tribunal above before now, and he is judged. I thank you for what you have told me, for it has made many a thing plain that was obscure to me before. Let the past go; it is enough to me that I have been restored to my rightful name as Onslow Bellingham, and I will make the good old name famous once again!"

Zelia's eyes beamed joyfully. This dread past was always hanging over her like an incubus, and she had contrived to fool him, she thought, whatever suspicion the words of the two ruffians had implanted in Roy's mind.

There would be no necessity for any future explanation; all was settled now.

"My own brave boy!" she cried. "You are the best of the Bellinghams—handsomer than your father—and a king to that imbecile Onslow!"

"She's crazy in her fondness for me," muttered Roy, not overpleased by this fulsome flattery.

The door of the apartment opening put an end to this protracted interview.

Romano Falcon appeared in the doorway.

"You have been very long in converse," he said. "The night is waning fast. Pardon the interruption, señors; but your son must now depart."

"I am ready," rejoined Roy. "Señor Falcon, you wear the uniform of a gentleman and a soldier; may I not trust that you will treat this lady with all due consideration until the promised ransom arrives?"

"As a soldier and a gentleman I can assure you that no harm can possibly happen to this lady while she is under my protection," answered Falcon, pompously. "She has not, then, informed you of the terms of the ransom?"

"No, no, no! and do not you!" cried Zella, vehemently.

Falcon smiled and twirled his long black mustache with his tawny fingers, which were bedecked with several costly rings.

Roy gazed from one to the other surprisedly.

"The terms?" he said, inquiringly. "I will guarantee that the ransom she has promised shall be paid."

Falcon shook hands with him with the greatest cordiality.

"Thanks, Señor Americano!" he cried. "Your approval of her action gives me the keenest joy."

Roy released his hand with some disdain from the robber's grasp.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, haughtily.

Dreading an explanation, Zella sprang to Roy.

"Go, go!" she cried, embracing him, "and return with a strong force as quickly as you can to rescue me," she whispered in his ear. "Go, Roy, and Heaven be with you!"

She kissed him passionately, and pushed him from the room.

"Why did you not ask him to remain and witness the ceremony?" inquired Romano Falcon, with a smirk. "He could have given away the bride."

Zella shrugged her shoulders disdainfully.

"Ah, yes! I am to be your bride," she returned, with mock humility. "When does the ceremony take place?"

Falcon glanced at a clock against the wall, and answered, exultantly:

"At midnight—in ten minutes—when the clock strikes, the priest will be here!"

(To be continued.)

"Roy the Ranger" was commenced in No. 61.

DIVING, PAST AND PRESENT.

[Continued.]

THE DIVING-BELL.

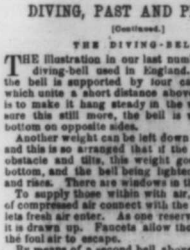
THE illustration in our last number showed the diving-bell used in England. The body of the bell is supported by four cables or chains, which unite a short distance above the bell. This is to make it hang steady in the water, and to insure this still more, the bell is weighted at the bottom on opposite sides.

Another weight can be left down from the centre, and this is so arranged that if the bell meets any obstacle and tilts, this weight goes down to the bottom, and the bell being lightened, rights itself and rises. There are windows in the top.

To supply those within with air, two reservoirs of compressed air connect with the bell, and a pipe lets fresh air enter. As one reservoir is exhausted it is drawn up. Faucets allow those within to let the foul air to escape.

By means of a second bell above, the divers can ascend.

The principle of the diving-bell can be understood by any one who will take a tumbler, invert it over a tub of water, and try to force it down. He will find that it is very difficult, and that as it goes down the water does not enter the tumbler. If he places a wooden ball first on the surface, and then places the tumbler over, he will find that neither ball nor



water enters. It, however, a vessel is taken with a hole in the bottom, over which he can place his finger as he presses it down, he will find that the water will not enter while he keeps the hole covered, but that it rises into the vessel the moment he removes his finger. Then the air escapes from the vessel and the water rushes in to take its place.

As the water cannot get into the diving-bell on account of the air, those within are in no danger from the water, the only inconvenience being the want of fresh air from time to time.

We this week give another form of diving-bell called the Nautilus. It was invented and adopted in France. It consists of two separate shells instead of an upper and lower bell, as in the one shown last week. When water is let into the outer or upper bell, the machine sinks. By letting air into this section, the water is driven out again and the bell begins to rise.

This bell will float on the surface. The diver enters by a manhole at the top, and by letting water in between the shells sinks the bell. There is an arrangement for pumping the water out, and as this is done the bell goes steadily up.

Care has to be taken not to let the air in too suddenly, or the men would be jerked off their seats or standing-platform.

In 1826, a Mr. Richard Jones, who had been placed in a very perilous situation by the failure of the crab, by which a diving-bell in which he was descending was being lowered, invented a contrivance to prevent the recurrence of such an accident.

His improved crab has a brake, regulated by the centrifugal motion of two balls like the governors of a steam-engine; so that, while the crab revolves slowly, and therefore allows the bell to descend gradually, the brake may not be called into action, but if it should from any cause be overpowered by the weight of the bell, so as to run down with dangerous velocity, the separation of the balls would disengage the brake, and thereby stop the motion of the crab.

(To be continued.)

It is much easier to meet error than to find truth. Error is on the surface, and can be more easily met with; truth is hid by great depths, and the way to seek it does does not appear to all the world.

WILD ROSE AND VIOLET;

Or,

Fun at Mrs. Hawk's.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A STARTLING SURPRISE.

IN the meantime the trunks were unpacked, and the important duties of the toilet progressed rapidly.

When their operations were finished, the sincerest connoisseur of female beauty, gazing upon Rose Royston and Violet Leigh, must have been constrained to admit that no two more elegant girls could have been found throughout the length and breadth of the land.

"Well," exclaimed Milly, with the utmost sincerity, "you do look lovely!"

"Radiant, indeed!" added Constance.

"I must warn Theodore and Mr. Tadpole to take care of their hearts," remarked Milly.

"Who is—Theodore?" inquired Violet, with some interest.

"My brother."

"And who is Mr.—shem!—Tadpole?" asked Rose.

"Oh, he is a friend of Theodore's, who is staying with him for a time, and a very handsome young fellow, too, in spite of his droll cognomen," Milly explained, inwardly exulting at the prospect. "I really think the poor fellows deserve to be put on their guard against the fascinations who have such a facility for ensnaring hearts."

"Oh, Milly!" exclaimed our young heroines, laughing and blushing at the same time; "how can you say so!"

"I do say so," returned Milly.

"And I, too," joined in Constance Grey. "Remember, oh, remember the two young gentleman who risked their lives for your sakes. By-the-by, I wonder what has become of the poor stricken dears? Have you seen or heard anything of them since?"

"Oh!" they exclaimed together, "those poor young gentlemen!—not only have we neither seen nor heard of them, but we have not even thought about them."

"Oh, heartless!" cried Constance; "you are unworthy of such devotion."

"We were so engrossed thinking how we should get out of confinement that it deprived us of the power of thinking of anything else," Rose persisted.

"And perhaps the poor, dear young gentlemen have been breaking their hearts on your account all this time," said Constance.

"But they are not dear, dear," pleaded Violet; and 'sirens' as we are, I really do not think we could have made such a heart-breaking impression upon them in a few moments, could we?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Constance; "some young men are awfully susceptible creatures, and subject to that dreadful malady, love at first sight; in which case they become hopelessly entangled in Cupid's net, and unless the fair object of their passion proves kind and reciprocal, they give way to despair, and pine away until there is nothing left of them but their shadows."

"At all events," remarked Rose, "if these young gentlemen die broken-hearted on our account, it will not be our fault, for I'm sure we were very civil to them."

"Ah, well," returned Milly, "let us hope they'll manage to survive somehow; and now suppose we go down stairs?"

Being all dressed, the Jolly Girls descended to a cheerful parlor.

Violet could not help remarking:

"What a beautiful place you live in, Milly, dear!"

"Yes, it's rather nice, isn't it?" Milly replied.

"It has just struck me that as soon as our flight is discovered there will be a terrible panic at Meditation House," said Rose.

"Oh, won't there, rather!" answered Constance; "what a fever that sneak, Janet Sly, will be in!"

"Of course the first thing she'll do will be to write off to Mrs. Hawk and inform her of what has happened, so I think the best thing I can do will be to forestall her by writing first," suggested Rose.

"If you do you'll have the strong-minded lady hurrying back to town by the first train to hunt you up," said Milly.

"I really scarcely think she would come all the way from Brighton for that."

"And if she did she would be sure to come to our place first," said Constance.

"But then, not finding us at your residence, she would be sure to come here next," suggested Violet, and then——

She paused and looked dubiously at Milly Westlake, who added, in consternation:

"That would be awkward, certainly."

"Of course your mamma would not deny our being here?"

"Oh, no; I'm sure not," replied Milly.

"Then of course we must think of some plan to render recapture impossible."

"Oh, do if you can! Pray do!" entreated Violet.

"What can we devise now?" said Milly.

"I've thought of something," said Rose.

"What is it?" eagerly inquired her companions.

"We might change our names, retaining only our original initials."

"So you might; a capital idea!" assented Milly and Constance; "people often do so when they wish to remain incognito. What name do you propose?"

"I must consider; and to commence, what Christian name begins with R besides Rose?"

"Rachel," suggested Constance.

"Ruth," said Milly.

"Rebecca Rattle," added Violet.

"Yes; that will do capitally," laughed Rose.

"Then that's settled. You are no longer Rose Royston but Becky Rattle, until further notice."

"And now what is Vi to be?" asked Milly.

"I'll be Victoria Luton."

"Now, then, I think we shall be safe," exclaimed Milly Westlake. "Now, if Mrs. Penelope comes making a fuss about Rose Royston and Violet Leigh, she'll soon be packed off again, with the 'pleasing intelligence—' no such persons are here."

The chimes being settled, Rose indited the following note to the prescriptress:

"MADAM—Presuming you will very shortly receive the intelligence that we are no longer at Meditation House, we thought it better to write at once to inform you that we have escaped from our confinement, and at the same time to relieve your mind of any anxiety, by the assurance of our perfect health and safety. At the termination of the vacation we shall return to our school duties. In the meantime, wishing you a pleasant sojourn at Brighton, and much benefit from the sea-air, we beg to subscribe ourselves

"Your obedient pupils,
"ROSE AND VIOLET.

"To Mrs. Penelope Hawk."

This letter was then sent by Constance in an envelope to a friend in Wales, telling her to mail it.

Milly then left the room, in order to waylay her brother.

Theodore and Harry, in a state of considerable mental depression, soon descended the stairs.

They had made their toilet in the gloomy conviction that no fair eyes would criticise favorably any portion of their dress or themselves, consequently their very mustaches drooped mournfully at their ends, and refused to curl.

Milly took care to meet the desponding young men as they came down-stairs.

"Oh, 'Dore!" she exclaimed, with assumed surprise, "you are not only at home, but I see you are dressed for dinner."

"Yes, Milly," moodily responded her brother. "I am dressed for dinner, but I have no appetite. You have visitors, have you not?"

"Yes; Constance Grey and two of my schoolfellows—such nice girls; the right sort, you know, 'Dore!—jolly girls!" said Milly, with enthusiasm.

'Dore groaned inwardly.

"Jolly girls," he murmured, almost to himself in a misanthropic tone. "What are they to me? I am not in company for jolly girls."

"Upon my honor, 'Dore, I declare you and Mr. Tadpole look as melancholy as two mutes at a funeral. What's the matter with you both?"

"If you had any sentiment in you, Mil, you might imagine, when after the disappointment we've experienced," answered Theodore, bitterly.

"Oh, I see! You're thinking of your park *incognitos*, so you are. I had quite forgotten all about them," said Milly; "but, then," she added, cheeringly, "don't despond; and, pray do throw a gleam of sunshine into your features, or I'm sure you'll give our schoolfellows the horrors."

The young men smiled feebly, and relapsed into gloom again immediately.

"Come into the parlor," continued Milly, "and let me introduce you; it strikes me that before you have been in their society five minutes you'll have forgotten there are any other girls in the world besides themselves. Come on."

Milly led the way, the "mutes" following sluggishly.

"This is pleasant, isn't it?" murmured Theodore to Harry, as they went down, "to have to endure the torture of trying to be agreeable to two boarding-school misses, in the state of mind in which we are, too?"

"Excruciatingly delightful," was Harry's reply.

Milly, who had entered the parlor before them, held the door open.

"Come in, gentlemen, if you please," she said; "there are only four of us."

The young men entered with a kind of grim politeness.

Rose and Violet were looking from the window into the lane, and their faces being concealed, there was no immediate recognition.

Constance Grey being acquainted with Theodore, they shook hands in the orthodox manner, and the latter introduced his friend Harry to her.

But the formal presentation devolved upon Milly, who performed it with the gravity of a judge.

"Becky, Vic!" she said to her friends.

The young ladies turned, and at once produced an effect upon the gentlemen similar to that which would have been caused by a sudden burst of sunshine flashing in their eyes on emerging from a darkened chamber.

They almost recoiled with amazement.

"Allow me to introduce you," continued Milly, taking no notice of their confusion, and speaking with the most scrupulous formality. "Mr. Theodore Westlake, my brother; Mr. Humphrey Tadpole; Miss Becky Rattle; Miss Victoria Luton."

The introductory ceremonial was verbally completed, but the parties seemed suddenly transformed into statues; that is, so far as silence and immobility were concerned.

Each couple stood gazing in speechless bewilderment upon the other.

Milly and Constance, like mischievous girls as they were, remained enjoying the fun for a few seconds, until, at length, the former, with well-feigned astonishment, asked:

"Why, what is the matter with you all?"

Theodore Westlake, fairly at his wits' end, swung round on his heel, and nearly staggered into his friends' arms, as they both ejaculated, in a kind of stilled burst of ecstasy:

"Our *incognitos*, by Jove!"

Rose and Violet also, in a similarly excited manner, taking advantage of the momentary distraction, seized upon Milly, and whispered hastily in her ear:

"The heroes of our park adventure."

This was Milly's cure for breaking the ice and putting an end to the prevailing confusion, and this she did by bursting into a ringing laugh, in which Constance joined.

"Oh, romance of romances!" she cried, in a tone of enthusiastic rapture.

"Oh, for a poet's pen to describe this scene!" joined in Constance.

"Come, now," Milly continued, "you who have been sighing over blighted hopes, and longing to meet each other again; now that your wishes are accomplished, don't stand shivering and shaking as though you were afraid of being bitten, and make yourselves at home. Here! Con and I will shut our eyes while you give one another a kiss."

And with this the merry-hearted girl led her friend away to the window.

This seasonable raillery had the effect of bringing Theodore and Harry to themselves at once, and they now advanced and courteously saluted our young heroines, who received them in the same manner.

"Pardon me," said the former to Violet, "for this terrible *gaucherie*, but the surprise, the joy of this most unexpected meeting totally unnerved me."

Violet was perfectly ready to forgive an exhibition of emotion in which she herself had been one of the principal actresses, and Rose, to whom Harry Targent had whispered a few words in a low tone, appearing to be equally placable, the whole party were, in a few moments, on the most friendly terms possible.

It was one of those delightful *rencontres* when, the first burst of surprise over, a feeling of intense happiness irradiates the soul, and humanity, usually grumbling and dissatisfied, basks for a time in the sunshine of unalloyed content.

Every particle of reserve was banished.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A MOONLIGHT WALK.

DINNER passed off delightfully; Mr. Westlake, who had been detained at his office in town, did not reach home until the repast was nearly over.

So they had it mostly all to themselves.

After dinner there was an addition in the person of a certain Mr. Charles Saville, who appeared to be on the very best terms with Milly, who blushingly introduced him to her companions.

Tea followed, and then the drawing-room was deserted for the lawn, where Rose and Violet were initiated into the mysteries of croquet.

And so the evening wore away until, as the shadows began to lengthen, a fourth young gentleman arrived from Richmond, the ostensible motive of his visit being a pardonable anxiety on the part Mr. and Mrs. Grey to learn what had become of Constance.

Finding that young lady in perfect health and exuberant spirits, Mr. Reginald Craven did not hurry back at once with the joyful intelligence, but quietly settled down into the evident intention of remaining and driving quietly home by moonlight.

It being now too dark for croquet, Mr. and Mrs. Westlake returned to the house, and the young people were left to follow their own devices.

It was a lovely night, the moon rose round and full in the cloudless sky.

"I propose a stroll in the garden," said Theodore.

"Certainly," assented his sister, laughingly.

Theodore Westlake could feel the arm that rested in his tighten unconsciously as its fair owner spoke, and he said, inquiringly, to her:

"You are enjoying the walk, I hope?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "so much—so very much. Are you?"

"I should be the most insensible of human beings if I was not," answered Theodore, fervently. "I never so perfectly enjoyed a walk in my life before."

"Nor I," returned Violet.

There was a pause of silence as they walked on. Few words had been spoken, but those few had set both Theodore and Violet thinking.

They were singularly unanimous in their thoughts.

The former suddenly awoke to the fact that he would far sooner have the sweet, blue-eyed girl at his side for a wife than Miss Elizabeth Skinner; whilst across the mind of Violet there floated a dreamy kind of idea that if ever she should happen to marry she should prefer a husband exactly like Theodore Westlake.

Harry Targent, in the full joy of being so near his dark-eyed gypsy—as he called Rose—had lost no opportunity of explaining to her the happiness he experienced.

Harry was impulsive by nature and temperament; so also was Rose; and it was not possible for two beings so similarly constituted to restrict themselves to the severe *régime* of what is called "pretty behavior," and accordingly they walked and talked quite like lovers, as they were.

Whenever Harry paid his fair companion a compliment, he, as a matter of course, enforced it by a fervent pressure of her hand, which he held, which pressure she, equally as a matter of course, as fervently returned.

"You're the prettiest, dearest, jolliest girl I ever met!" exclaimed Harry, coming to a climax of admiration. "I dare say you'll think me very rude calling you jolly, but really I can't help it."

"I don't think you rude at all," she replied; "for as I am a member of the 'Jolly Girls' Club,' of course I ought to be jolly."

"And so you are the queen of them," cried Harry, enthusiastically.

"I almost wish I'd been a boy instead of a girl," confessed Rose, regretfully. "Oh," she burst forth, with sudden inspiration, "how I should like to have been your brother! What fun we could have, couldn't we?"

"Ah, ye-es," returned Harry, in a very lingering, doubtful manner, as though he did not quite realize the happiness of such a fraternal relationship, but thought that matters were much better as they were; "we could have had fun, certainly, as you say, but then, we—we—couldn't—a—have——"

Harry felt he was drifting on to delicate ground, and he began to stammer and hesitate.

"Couldn't what?" asked Rose, eagerly.

Having no direct answer ready, Harry evaded and simply replied:

"I think, all things considered, I would rather you remained as you are."

"You would not like me to be your brother, then?" said Rose, in almost a tone of reproach.

"No, I shouldn't," returned Harry, emphatically, and smiling at her out of his saucy black eyes.

"Why not?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No; unless, perhaps, you would rather I had been your sister."

Harry uttered a short laugh as he said:

"Nor sister either. But"—he lowered his voice and continued more tenderly—"one of these days I may want a wife, and how could I ask you to marry me if you were my sister or my brother?"

There was no possibility of misunderstanding this decidedly plain exposition, and Rose, prettily enlightened, blushed and drooped her eyes bashfully a moment, and then she replied, with a laugh:

"Oh, you're speaking of marrying. I wasn't thinking of that at all. I shall never marry till I'm quite an old woman."

"Surely you're not in earnest? You can't be," said Harry, in dismay.

"Oh, yes, she is," exclaimed two merry voices behind them, and turning round they found Milly and Constance, with their respective sweethearts close at their heels.

At the same moment Theodore and Violet, in the happiest possible state of mutual satisfaction, appeared at the end of one of the little alleys and joined the party.

"Oh, Theodore!" cried mischievous Milly, "what do you think? Here's Mr. Tadpole been proposing to our friend Becky."

Theodore looked slightly conscious and confused, and Violet hung back and hid the blushes that rose to her cheeks behind his elbow, though why she blushed was a matter best known to herself.

Rose, with a crimson face and flashing eyes, abnegated her friend's assertion entirely.

"Oh, Milly, dear," she exclaimed, "how can you say so?"

"You know it's true, dearest," returned the tormentor. "Didn't we hear you reply that you didn't intend to marry till you were quite an old woman? You know we did."

"Yes, yes; we're all witnesses to that," attested Constance Grey.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Theodore. "Then Miss Rattle and my friend Humphrey will be admirably suited for each other, for I've often heard him declare that he should never think of perpetrating matrimony until he had arrived at the sober age of three score years and ten."

The factitious Humphrey could not deny his friend's quotation of his own words, but he evinced displeasure at hearing them reproduced by a subdued murmur.

"Come, now," interposed Milly, "pray don't let us have any quarreling to mar the tranquil joy of this delightful evening, and with respect to Mr. Tadpole and our friend Becky, I have no doubt by the time they arrive at years of discretion they'll alter their minds."

These words at once restored perfect harmony, and then Milly said:

"I vote we adjourn to the summer-house."

This proposal being acceded to, the whole party proceeded thither.

There was laughing, talking and singing until the inevitable terminator of human joys and sorrows warned them that they must now break up.

"Twelve o'clock, I declare!" exclaimed Constance; "mamma will think we've run away, barouche and all, Reginald."

The young gentleman addressed smiled and looked as though he would not have objected particularly to such a "run," then they all returned to the house.

So ended the first day of the holidays, one of the very happiest our heroines had ever spent.

When at length they were alone together in their bedroom, they had, of course, many things to speak of, many remarks to make.

But both agreed that Rose Lodge was of all existing places the most delightful, and that Theodore Westlake and Humphrey Tadpole were the handsomest, dearest fellows in the world.

After the excitement of the day the young girls laid their heads upon their pillows with that delicious sense of sleepiness that augurs a good night's rest. After a short time Rose, with a last effort of her waking thoughts, murmured, drowsily:

"Isn't — Tadpole — curious — name — dear?— Wouldn't it—sound—funny—be—called—Mrs. Tadpole?"

Violet made no reply—she was already asleep; and Rose, as she finished the last word of her sentence, fell asleep too.

(To be continued.)

"Wild Rose and Violet" was commenced in No. 644.

A RAT.

By A. DE PONBLANQUE.

HE was a levee "Rat," and his name was Dick. Dick what? Nothing; and I do not think that he ever got Dick through Richard given to him by godfather and godmother in the usual way.

As a child he managed somehow or other to escape the massacres which these modern Herods, *Want*, *Neglect* and *Disease*, are allowed to hold in our great cities; and we find him a small wild animal in the shape of a boy twelve years old, living where he may, eating what he can get; his hand against everything (that will sell at the junk-shop) and every one's hand against him. A human rat—a thing to hide itself in dark places, and to be chased and worried when it dares venture into the light.

His costume is a pair of old blue cotton pants, kept up over a faded flannel shirt by a wonderful contrivance of old braces and twine. His feet are bare. On his head is a felt hat, which, whatever was its original color, has now the hue of a well-soaked tea-leaf, and, whatever was its original shape, has long taken that of a jelly-bag. Perhaps if he were washed, he would be a good-looking Rat under his grime, for his eyes are very bright.

He does not know what *school* means. No one has ever told him that it is wrong to steal, though the inconvenience of being caught stealing have been made manifest to him in many ways. His last hair-dresser was a policeman, as you might perceive, if his jelly-bag hat did not come down so low. Experience is not thrown away upon him, and he becomes rather hard to catch.

"Why don't he work?" He does work, in his way.

How do all young animals work for a living? By picking up what they can get, to be sure, and keeping out of the way of bigger things who want to pick them up.

That is the natural law of life, and Dick the Rat has been taught no other. He lives as other Rats live—on what he can scrape out of a barrel of sugar, or draw from a bale of cotton, or cut (no one looking on) from the rigging of a ship. He does this just as a blackbird eats a cherry, or a rabbit nibbles turnips.

The levee which Dick infests is that of New Orleans; down by the foot of Jackson Street, where the English steamers lie, is his happy hunting-ground, and on the day when we make his acquaintance it has not been productive. The hunting has been all on one side, and Dick (discovered hiding between two bales of cotton) is the quarry. He is kicked, pushed, dragged, jostled backward and forward, by the stevedore's men, like a ragged shuttlecock. Every one has a cuffe and a blow for the Rat, with whom things are going hard, when——

"Oh, how shameful to beat that poor child so!" exclaims a soft voice, with a ring of genuine indignation in it.

The speaker is a lady, clad in crisp, cool muslin, elegantly draped—a lady, beautiful in face and form, and assisted by every accessory that can heighten female charms. From her dainty little bottines, which fit her like gloves, to the soft curls of her hair, which the river breeze caresses, she is stamped with the unmistakable marks of richness, simplicity and good taste.

She is half-way up the stage which leads to the English steamer, when the cries of our hunted Rat attract her attention, and "Oh!" she exclaims, "how shameful to beat that poor child so! Do, please, Captain Gilbert, make them leave him alone!"

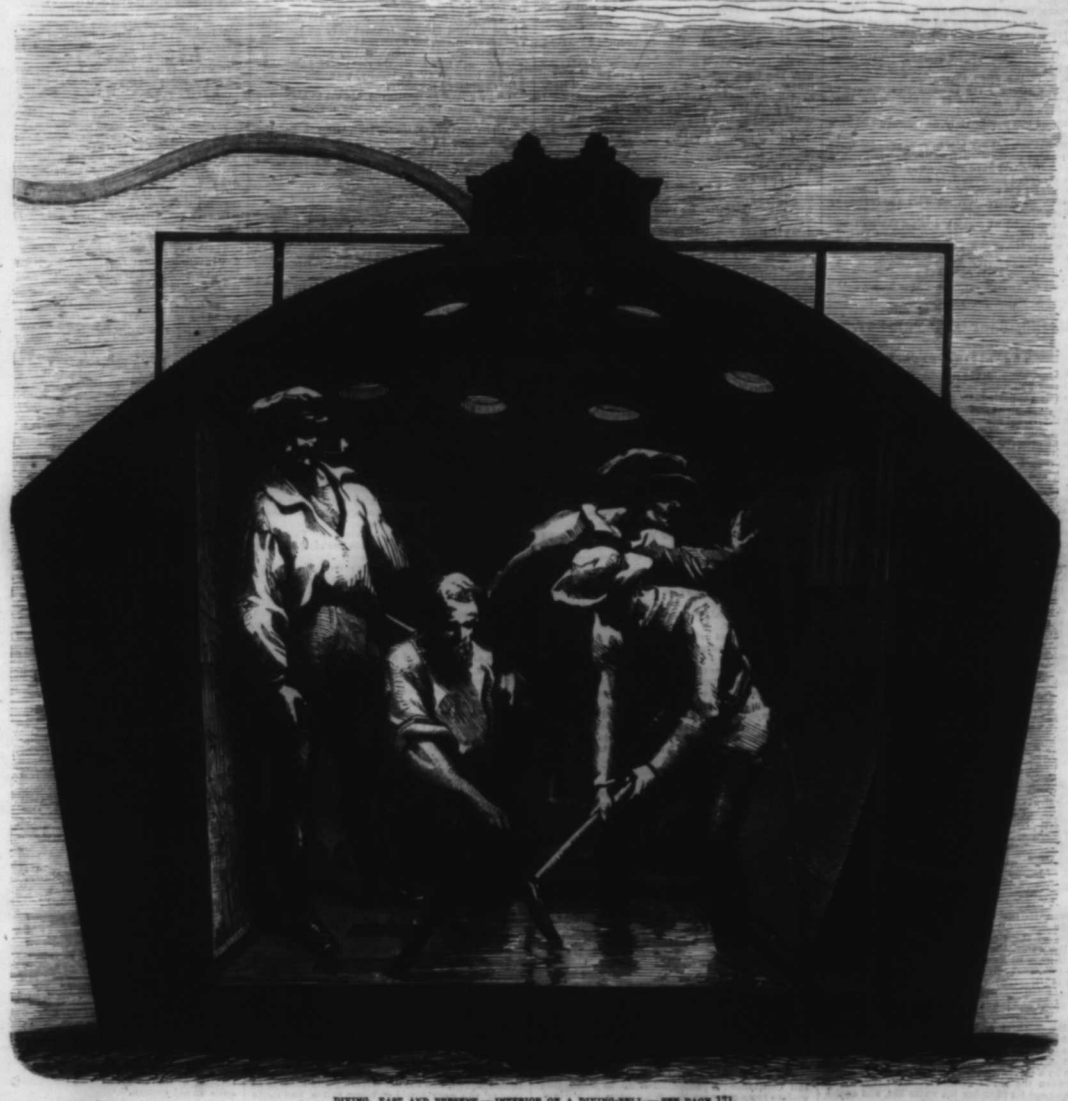
Captain Gilbert, whose guest she is, and who leads her up the stage, shouts:

"Hallos! quit that! Let the boy go, and get on with your work!"

For, you see, one cannot beat "Rats" and roll cotton at the same time; and the latter occupation, though perhaps the more exciting, is the less profitable of the two.

Dick—who, unable to dodge his tormentors, has assumed the example of a hedgehog, and made himself as nearly spherical as possible against a cotton-bale—does not rise. The foe has not sufficiently retreated, but he keeps a bright lookout from the corner of one eye, so as to be ready for a jump.

"They have hurt him," said the lady. "He can't get up, poor little fellow!" and, before any one can interfere, she trips down the stage and is stooping over the "Rat," who is so taken aback by the apparition that he forgets to jump, and rolls over straight.



DIVING, PAST AND PRESENT.—INTERIOR OF A DIVING-BELL.—SEE PAGE 171.

His plight—when it appears that no bones are broken—makes the lady smile. He has been kicked into a coal-heap, and is black. He has been cuffed against a lot of oil-cake, and is russet-brown. He is fluffy all over with cotton-waste. His mouth is open, and his eyes are wild with astonishment. He had never been so near to a lady, and he don't know what will be done to him.

"Come, get up," says the captain. "There's nothing the matter with you."

"Can you rise?" asks the lady; and she touches him with the most wonderful thing that Dick ever saw—her hand! The creamy glove upon it, the shimmer of lace and glitter of gold at the wrist, and the soft, white flesh beyond—never had he seen the like! Never had he felt such a touch, or been spoken to in such a tone.

"Oh, ain't I in for it now!" he muses; and then he looks up into the lady's face.

He saw an expression there that he did not understand. He had seen anger in the faces of those who had caught him suddenly. Triumph—he knew the look of, when after a long chase he had been taken. Scorn—that was common; plenty of that at all times.

This was pity—so he could not make it out at all. A Hebrew inscription would not have been more unintelligible to Dick.

There was no chance for a bolt now. The lady, the gentleman who came with her, the captain of the steamer and the chief officer, formed a semi-circle in front; behind was the bale of cotton against which he had rolled himself up for protection. He sits up, drinking in that strange expression which at once scares, puzzles and pleases him, till a sort of sleepy, faint feeling makes him close his eyes.

"He's going to faint!" says the lady. "I knew he was hurt. Oh, see how he is bleeding!"

He is bleeding badly. Big, dark drops are trickling fast down his ragged sleeve, which will soak no more. These are from an ugly tear (caused by a nail in the wharf planking) on his arm, just above the elbow.

"Don't you look, Mrs. Austen," says the captain; "I'll have him attended to. Ho, quartermaster! come, and carry this boy on board, and give my compliments to the doctor and ask him to plaster up his cut."

Dick has no power to resist. He is carried on board, muttering:

"Come, I ain't done nothing to you."

A cold lunch is served under the awning on the main-deck.

Two other ladies and their escorts arrive; but the meal is delayed by the appearance of some of the crew bearing sugar, heavy boxes, which jingle as they are lowered through the trap-door in the deck, partly under the lunch-table.

"Mexican dollars," explains the captain.

"What a lot of money!" the lady remarks.

"Not so much as you suppose, but a tidy sum. Each box contains two thousand dollars, and there are fourteen of them—eh, Mr. Mansfield?" this to the officer in charge, who confirms the count.

They have got to their first glass of champagne, when the doctor joins them.

"Well, how's your patient?" asks the captain.

"All right, and clean for once in his life, but rather weak," is the medical report upon the Rat.

"Poor child!" sighs the lady. "What ought he to take?"

"I should prescribe something to eat," the doctor replies, helping himself to a slice of tongue.

"Captain, I should so like to give him some dinner."

It is unnecessary to say who speaks, and the skipper would indeed have been a stern man if he could have resisted the pleading of those kind, brown eyes.

The quartermaster is summoned again, and appears leading Dick, who walks "groggy." It has begun to dawn upon him that he is not going to be abused, and he goes along there "like a little cock-o'-wax," as he is told.

"What is your name, little boy?" asks the lady.

"Dick."

"Are you hungry, Dick?"

"*Rather!*"

"Only rather?" in a tone of disappointment.

"'*Rather*,'" explains the captain, "in that tone, means 'very.'"

The lady takes a plate and fills it with cold chicken, stuffing, salad, bread, and what nots, adds a knife and fork, and gives it to Dick.

The knife and fork are no use to him. He squats on the deck, and eats with nature's implements. He has no idea of gastronomic combinations. First he eats the chicken, then the stuffing, then the salad, then the bread; and, this done, takes a long breath, and looks up with a look that says more, as plainly as Oliver said the word, "More" he gets, from the same kind hand, which he watches with dimly awakened feelings of delight. Gloved, it was a wonder; bare and glittering with costly rings, so white, so small—it bewildered him. Why did every one do what she told them? How could she keep all those gold things? She couldn't "lick" any one with those hands! Dick mused.

The plate is full again, and he turns his attention to its contents with apparently undiminished appetite.

"I should keep some of that for to-morrow, if I were you," observed the doctor.

"Then you'd be a fool!" Dick replied, with a scoff. "The big fellows on the levee'd take it from you before you'd gone two blocks! To-morrow ain't here, but the grub is, and so I'm a-going to get outside it while I can."

There is a general laugh at this philosophy, and the lady asks if he may have a glass of champagne.

"Yes," the doctor says, "but I think he'd prefer whisky."

"Whis'y?—a child take that?" she expostulates.

A RAT.—"'COME, GET UP,' SAYS THE CAPTAIN. 'THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH YOU.' 'CAN YOU RISE?' ASKS THE LADY; AND SHE TOUCHES HIM WITH THE MOST WONDERFUL THING THAT DICK EVER SAW—HER HAND."

"Try him," replies the doctor.

He is tried, and tosses off three fingers deep of raw bourbon without winking.

"That's so'thing like!" he observes, smacking his lips.

This feat somewhat lessens the lady's sympathy. Dick "gets outside" his grub without further comment, and is walking off when the captain calls him back with a:

"Why, you young rascal! are you going without saying thank you?"

"Thank ye."

"No, not me. Thank the lady."

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am," says Dick.

It was the first polite speech he had ever uttered, and heaven knows where he picked it up.

* * * * * * *

The party remained on board till about six o'clock, and by the time it broke up every one had forgotten the "Rat"; but as Mrs. Austen was crossing the levee he ran up, much to the annoyance of her companion, who had enough of him.

"I say," says the rat, "do you like him?" with a chuck of his thumb toward the steamer.

"Captain Gilbert?"

"Yes—is he your feller?"

"Get out, you scamp!" cries the gentleman, indignantly.

"Let him speak, Fred," the lady pleads. "No, Dick, I am married, and this is my husband; but Captain Gilbert is our kind friend. I crossed with him once, and he was very good to me when I was sick."

"Was you ever sick?" asks Dick, with a face full of wonder.

"Often. So I can answer your question, and say I do like the captain very much."

"You'd hate for anything bad to happen him?"

"Why, of course! to him or any one else."

"Wot—to me?"

"Indeed I would, my poor boy. Oh, Fred! see how wistful he looks! Mayn't I give him some of Charley's left-off things? I have a little boy at home," she goes on, seeing assent in her husband's eyes—"about your size."

"Does he get chicken to eat?" asks the Rat.

"Yes."

"*Every* day?"

"No, not every day," she answers, smiling; and it is well she does not qualify her reply, for Dick's credulity was not yet sufficiently elastic to bear such a marvel as a boy, about his size, who had chicken every day.

So they bid him follow them, and more wonders are in store for him. He sees Charley. He is taken up to the lady's own room, where the promised things are produced, and tried on over his rags. Here he stands, lost in admiration. The great broad bed, with its satin coverlet, its lazy lace-bound pillows, and snowy mosquito-bar held back by silken ropes of the same color as the little knots which, here and there, light up the varied greens of the fern-spread carpet; the armoires with their plate-glass doors; the dressing-table all a-glitter with crystal and with gold, and a score of gimcum-crankums such as he never before beheld; the pictures on the wall; the flowers in the balcony; the perfume of the place (no fixed odor, but a combination of all sweet things), bewildered the Rat.

If he had ever heard of Fairyland he would have thought himself there. He had never heard of Fairyland, or of the enchanters, giants, dwarfs, genii, and all the other dear old myths which surround its beautiful princesses and the exemplary third sons of its kings. A drunkard who would drop a dime as he staggered from the bar-room was the nearest approach to a good fairy that Dick knew.

He gazed about him bewildered; and some dim sense of shame stole over him as he saw his own reflection in the looking-glass doors.

"May I put 'em on now?" he asks, as "the things" are selected.

"Better not," says the lady. "Put them on in the morning. Come here again about ten o'clock, and we will see what can be done for you."

He submits, and goes down reluctantly, with two whole suits of Charley's left-off clothes bundled up in a large handkerchief, and fifty cents in his pocket.

As soon as the hall-door closes after him, the brute instincts of secrecy and evasion pull his jelly-bag hat over his eyes, and send him off at a run.

Outside a barroom, at the corner, conversing affably with several noted thieves of his acquaintance, is a policeman. "Set a thief to catch a thief" is a maxim which the powers that "run" the New Orleans constabulary put in practice; but the thief is rarely caught.

The chief duty of the force is to catch votes for the politicians to whom they jointly and severally owe their places, and to be otherwise politically useful.

The policeman at the corner had just done a good stroke of work. He had arranged that a row should break out at a hostile club that night; and the predestined disturbers of the peace had pledged him once, twice, thrice—in whisky!

He was all aglow with importance—and whisky—when he saw our Rat come out of Mr. Austen's house and scuttle off. Here was a victim worthy of his "steel," so he immediately gave chase, shouting "Stop thief!" and firing his revolver at the fugitive!

His first shot struck a colored girl who was crossing the street, about ten yards from where Dick ran, in the heel, and his second went through a first-story window and smashed a looking-glass. The girl howled dismally, and the proprietor of the starred mirror appeared in his balcony and discharged several rounds of profanity. And there it ended.

It was quite regular for policemen—or, indeed, for any one—to fire after persons who attempt to give justice leg-bail, though they urge their wild career through the most crowded thoroughfares.

Our Rat—ignorant of the fact that a New Orleans policeman has never yet been known to hit anything that he actually aimed at—gave in at the second shot, and was walked off in triumph to the station.

* * * * * * *

Captain Gilbert spends the evening with his agent, and returns to the ship about eleven o'clock.

"Sorry to say, sir," begins the chief officer, "that most of the men are ashore."

"Without leave?"

A shrug of his shoulders is his answer.

"Whose watch is it?"

"Mr. Andrews's."

"Send him here. How's this, Mr. Andrews?" asks the captain, angrily.

"It's not my fault, sir. They don't go over the gangway. They crawl over the side, and on to the beams of the wharf. It's impossible to stop them.

The captain knows New Orleans, and being a just man, has no more to say. It is very provoking!

He is going to sail to-morrow, and those men will come on board either drunk or stupid with the effect of drink. Some of them, perhaps, won't come at all.

The weather for the last few days has been oppressively hot, and now there is hope of rain. The sky is dark and low, and the faint evening breeze has gone down.

The captain goes to his cabin, which is on deck, and tries to read, but the musquitoes won't let him, so he gets into bed, tucks in his bar, and sleeps the sleep of a tired man.

Something makes him conscious that two bells (one o'clock) are striking. Then he hears a whisper, "Cap't, cap'n!" close by his side.

In an instant he has his revolver ready, and is in the act of striking a match when the whisper says, "Rush! 't's me, Dick! Don't say a word—don't light a match. Rush! Is there a man named Phil Wood in your crowd?"

"Yes, a fireman; but he deserted last week."

The captain whispers, too.

"Have you got specious aboard?"

"Specious? Oh, specie, you mean?"

"What's that?"

"Money."

"I thought so. Well, cap'n, Phil Wood and five more is after that there specious, and they's aboard now!"

"Good God! Why didn't you tell me before?" gasps the captain.

"Policeman chevied me, 'cos I'd got a bundle that the lady giv' me. Took it away, he did, and looked me up," explains the Rat. "But I got out."

"On board now, do you say?" asks the captain.

"Yes; and at work, too. *Listen!*"

What the captain hears sends him out of his berth with a spring.

"Fire that!" he says, thrusting a pistol into Dick's hand, "and run forward, shouting *help* as loud as you can scream!"

Then he darts out on deck.

And no time to spare! The thieves have overpowered and gagged the man on watch, have cut round the fastenings of the hatch leading to the

TALKS WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—AUSTRALIA.—AUSTRALIAN NATIVES.—SEE PAGE 174.

TALKS WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—AUSTRALIA.—AUSTRALIAN NATIVES.

specie-room, and already two boxes are out and ready for spiriting away.

Dick does as he was told, and then rushes back. Four of the thieves are on deck, firing at the captain, who had dodged behind the cabin-skylight, and is shooting steadily. Dick has five shots left, and these he discharges one after the other, with his eyes shut, as fast as he can pull trigger.

It is a brisk affair while it lasts, which is until the chief officer, doctor, steward and some others (aroused by Dick's shouts and the firing), come upon the scene. Then such of the thieves as can do so jump overboard—for their retreat forward is cut off. Three remain; one—the leader—*dead*, another with his thigh splintered, and a third with several balls in non-vital parts of his body.

The first thing done is to release poor Mr. Andrews, whom they find still insensible from the blow on the head which had put him *hors de combat*. By the time the police have come, and are searching the ship, lest others of the thieves might be hiding.

"What's that in the wheel-house?" says the chief officer; "bring a light here. Ah, it's another of them; turn him over. Oh, Lord! captain, look here! *Here's* gratitude! If it isn't that deuced Rat that the lady——"

"My God!" cries the captain, "I forgot all about him! Is he hurt?"

"Shot right through the body, and serve him right," is Mansfield's reply.

It struck the speaker "silly," as he afterward said, to see the skipper fall down on his knees beside the "Rat," lift his head upon his shoulder, and, in a voice hoarse with emotion, say:

"Are you hurt, Dick? Oh, Dick, are you bad, my boy? Don't start. I'm your friend, the captain, Dick—speak to me!"

"Is the p'lice gone?" he moans.

"They shan't hurt you, Dick—no one shall. Oh, doctor, come and attend this poor, brave little fellow! Any drop of his blood is worth more than the lives of all those scoundrels! Do your best for him, and send for all the surgeons in the city if they can help poor Dick! Dick—faithful chap!"

The wounded thieves are carried off to the charity hospital by the police. Dick is taken to the captain's cabin and placed in his bed. The ship's doctor does his very best for him. The most famous surgeon in the city comes, and looks grave. Captain Gilbert never leaves him.

"Say"—Dick's voice has become very low and tremulous—"was that there money yourn?"

"No; but it was in my charge."

"You'd a-got the return if you'd a-lost it, eh?"

"I should have been ruined."

"She wouldn't ha' liked that."

"She? Who do you mean, my boy?"

"The lady—her as you was good to."

The captain turns away, and tried hard to swallow something which had never passed his lips.

"Was it *for* her sake," he asked, "that you did this?"

"She sed she'd hate to have anything bad come to you," replies the Rat, "'cos you was good to her when she was sick. Two nights ago I heard Phil Wood and his crowd talking about robbing a ship of specious. They sed they was going to 'tice all the men ashore with drink, and they'd be only one man forward besides the cook. There was to ha' been one put at the cap'n's door to knock him on the head if he came out. I didn't know for sartin it was your ship, and I was a-coming to ask if you had specious when the p'liceman chevied me."

"Who put it that into your head?"

"Don't know. When I see the p'lice I crawled away to where you found me. I was skeared they'd think I belonged to t'other crowd."

* * * * * * *

The Rat is skin and bone, and nervous as a cat. He has lost more blood than he could spare from that slighter wound on his arm. He has no constitution to fall back upon, and to hold him up whilst Nature fights the shock and the fever which follow his more grievous hurt. Grievous, indeed! though the ball did not quite pass through his body; better, perhaps, if it had. It has pierced the lower lobe of the right lung, and is lodged somewhere in the muscles of his back. If he could sleep, or even be brought to remain quiet, he might have a chance. He cannot be quiet; whether it be pain, or whether it be surprise at such wonders as being tanned, having lemonade to sip, and so on, I cannot say. He is incessantly on the turn and on the watch; nor will any drowsy syrup in the doctor's chest quiet him.

When the lady comes, early in the morning, the Rat is sinking slowly. His face brightens up as he sees her, and he begins to ask about Charley.

"Oh, my poor boy," she says, "let us talk of better things. Let us talk of God."

"God?" he repeats, with a look of wonder.

"Can it be that you have not heard of God?"

"I've heard," Dick replies, "you bet! When it rains, it's god-damn wet; and when it shines, it's god-dam hot; and when the boys don't get their money regular it's a god-dam shame."

The lady stands aghast before this awful ignorance. He only knew the name of God in *curses!*

"Wicked men take *His* name in vain, Dick," she says. "God made this world, and all that is in it; God is all that is good and merciful. God sent His only Son to save us."

"He didn't save me much," is the Rat's commentary.

"He will save your soul, Dick. He called little children to Him, and welcomed them to heaven."

"Was that afore the war?" asks Dick, gravely.

"Long, long before the war."

"Well, things has got mixed since then. Ain't He coming no more?"

"It's no use, Jennie," says her husband, who had followed her into the cabin and overheard Dick's struggles with his first and only lesson in divinity. "These things cannot be taught all at once."

"Oh, but it seems so terrible!" she cries; "and he dying! If I could only teach him to say a prayer!"

"And do you really think that repeating a form of words, which he would not understand, could do any good?" asks the husband. "No. Let me try if I can rouse a thought to work upon."

So Mr. Austen takes his wife's place at the head of the cot.

"Dick," says he, "the doctors tell me that unless there comes some change—and they don't much expect any—before night, you must die."

"Will it hurt bad?" asks the Rat, a spasm of fear passing over his pinched face.

"That I cannot say. Some people die quite quietly—go off in their sleep, as it were. Well, Dick, what do you think happens then?"

"The funeral," replies Dick, promptly. "Some has a fireman's funeral, and music; and some gets took off to the city van. Shall I be took off in the city van?"

"No, my boy; I'll answer for that. But let us go back to the death. Where will you go when you die?"

"Into the coffin."

"Your body will—but your soul?"

"*Wot's that?*" asks Dick.

What, indeed! See here, the immense power of ignorance. It has silenced theology—it has stumped philosophy.

"Pray *for* him, dear," says Mr. Austen to his wife, down whose face the tears are streaming; "that is all you can do."

* * * * * * *

"I say—don't cry like that," says Dick, when she resumes her seat by his side. Childlike, he puts up his hand to withdraw hers from her eyes. He touches it with awe. It does not break or fly off, and nothing is done to him for his daring. Encouraged by such immunity, he ventures to give it a little pat, and then the face which he is watching intently is lit up with a smile through its tears. Into his unloved life—into his half-savage mind dawns the first idea of a caress! He clasps the lady's hand and draws it down upon his heart. He draws it down and presses it there with both his brown little pods. Then he leans back with a long-drawn sigh and shuts his eyes.

* * * * * * *

Three years have passed, and Captain Gilbert's steamer is again at her wharf, at the foot of Jackson Street; and again Mr. and Mrs. Austen are going to lunch on board. As the lady is stepping down from the gangway a well-grown, handsome boy, in a blue flannel Knickerbocker suit, and straw hat with the ship's ribbon comes shyly forward.

"Why, that is never Dick!" she exclaims.

"Dick all over," says the captain, proudly.

"Oh, Dick! how you have grown—and how improved!"

"There was plenty of room for that," laughs the quondam Rat.

Then the captain takes her aside and explains.

"He has been at school ever since he got well, and he has learned more than other boys do in double the time. Oh, he's smart! I'm educating him now for my own profession, and I believe he could pass for a mate to-morrow."

"What name have you given him?" asks the lady, drawing circles on the deck with the point of her parasol.

"My own. My wife thinks as much of him as I do; and as we've no children of our own, why——"

"Captain Gilbert, you are a good man!"

"A lucky one, anyhow," he laughs; "and," lowering his voice, "a grateful. Now, then, Dick," he shouts, "are if Mr. Austen won't have a cock-tail."

Thus is the end of the Rat's tale. Some scraps from a lunch-table, kindly given, stood between a man and ruin; and the tender touch of a woman's hand saved a boy's life—and soul!

MISS SOPHIE JONES, a daughter of Captain Jones, a pioneer settler of Modesto, Cal., noticing, a few days ago, that the dogs had treed some animal near the house, armed herself with a gun and proceeded to inquire into it. No sooner had she approached the tree than a gigantic catamount sprang to the ground. The dogs followed in pursuit for nearly a mile, when the animal again took to a tree for protection. The brave girl trudged on alone with her gun on her shoulder, and coming up with the dogs soon discovered his catship in unusually close proximity; but not daunted by his glaring eyes and terrorous appearance, took deliberate aim and fired. The cat made a spring, but fell to the ground dead. Swinging the monster over her shoulder, she carried him home in triumph as a trophy of her prowess. The young lady hunter is only fifteen years old, and the varmint was one of the largest of his species.

EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.

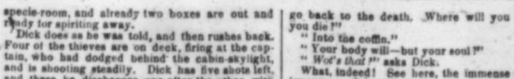
THE F AND V HOOK.

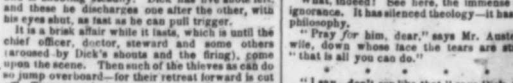
ANOTHER brief way of writing hundreds of words, instead of with the full-length consonant outlines, is provided for by the *F* or *V* hook. The is a little hook on the right-hand side of the bottom of a straight letter.

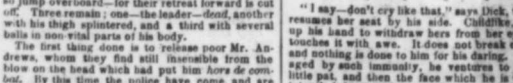
After a little practice it is not necessary to make any difference between the two, but beginners may make the F hook light, and the V hook similar, only a little heavier or darker, as they are distinguished in the cut.

There are many other useful rules which we have skipped over that are useful to advanced writers, but after we have laid the solid foundation and built up a story or two we shall begin to put on the ornamental cornices and figures. But at present, for a few weeks longer, be patient and studious.

In like manner, as heretofore recommended, study the following examples:







These few word-forms must be sufficient to give you the key to many. The F or V hook cannot be placed at the end of curved letters, with a few exceptions, which you need not bother about now.

Do not make the hook too large, but let it hug the straight letter about the distance of the engraving.

The nomenclature of the hook on the straight letters, in order, would be, Pef, Bef, Tef, Def, Chef, Jef, Kef, Gef, Rel. With the L hook initial and the F hook final they are called. Flef, Blel, etc. With the initial S hook and the final F hook they would be Pref, Bref, etc.

Write: pave, tough, beef, chafe, chough (chuf), cove, calf, Gough, and any others you can make up.

As you progress, apply the preceding principles in connection with the one under consideration. For instance, Perf (proof), principle of R hook, also F hook; Perf-les (proofs), same with circle S; Starve (Sterf) rather difficult, principle of Tee, H hook, circle Es within the Ter, V hook final, vowel sound of ah between.

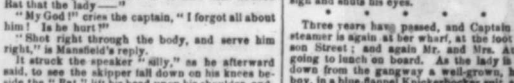
THE N HOOK.

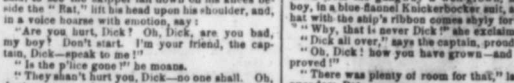
One more step toward abbreviation. The N hook is made by a small hook on the *left*-hand side of a full-length letter. It can be added to either a straight or curved consonant; when added to curves it follows the direction of the curve; cannot commence a word, but either ends or helps to end a word, or occurs in the middle of words. Instead, therefore, of making the full-length N, we can write the N hook to very much greater advantage, and in almost every case except when N begins a word.

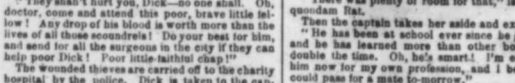
The circle S (Is) or double circle, SS (Sis, Sess, or Sos), may be added to the N hook, only on the same side with N.

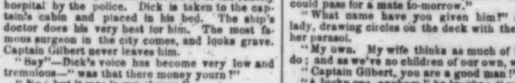
For the benefit of a great many inquirers we repeat the *short* vowel scale.

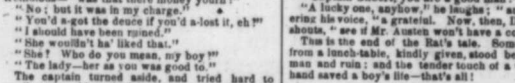
Study the following examples under the above rules:

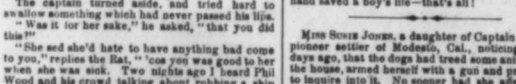


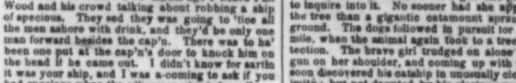


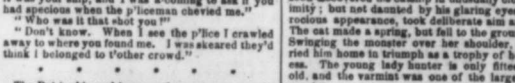












The nomenclature, with the N hook, is Pen, Ben, Ten, Den, Chen, Jen, Ken, Gen, Sen, (or Es-en not Iss-en), Men, Nen, Fen, Ven, Then, Zhen, Zen, Shen and Ishen. With the R hook it would be Pren, Bren, etc. With the L hook, Plen, Blen, etc. With the Ies and double Ies it would be, simply or with the hooks, Pens, Prens, Plens, Fenses, Prenses, Plenses, etc.

Following above examples and instruction, write following words: Pine, spine, pain, open, bean, bane, bone, bun, ban, boon, tin, train, tone, town, dean, Eden, din, dawn, dine, den, Dan, chin, chain, Jane, June, join, run, Rhine, hen, hewn, spun, span, spoon, stain, stone, satin, sudden, sicken, skein, bloon, glen, apron, prone, prune, brine, bran, brown, drain, drone, train, strain, town, dean, Eden, din, dawn, dine, den, Dan, chin, chain, Jane, June, join, run, Rhine, hen, hewn, spun, span, spoon, stain, stone, satin, sudden, sicken, skein, bloon, glen, apron, prone, prune, brine, bran, brown, drain, drone, train, strain, lone, Allen, earn, mean, main, moan, moon, noun, stain, sullen, Simon, summon, shrine, dense, entrances, Kansas (Kan-sess), instance, instances, penury, banish, tenth, candy, economy, gunner, finer, vainly, Monday, planet, French, moonshine, etc.

Do not forget, or disregard, the proper position of the vowels. Write no more letters than are necessary to make the *shortest cut* to the sound.

[To be continued.]

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

AUSTRALIA.

NO. I.

AUSTRALIA first became known to Europeans in the beginning of the seventeenth century, though the first real discovery was made in 1606, when the captain of the Dutch yacht *Duyfken* saw the northern shore of the continent at a distance. Though Australia is an island, by reason of its great size it is generally classed as a continent. In 1616 Hartog, another Dutch Captain, discovered the western coast of Australia and called it Endracht's Land, from the name of his ship.

Captain Cook, of the British navy, discovered New South Wales and Botany Bay in 1770. It was not until 1788 that the first English colony was established in New South Wales. At first this colony was only used as a penal settlement.

The British Government had originally designed to make the penal settlement at Botany Bay itself, but a much better locality was found at Sydney, so this latter place was finally chosen. The first expeditionary squadron was under the command of Captain Phillips, and about nine hundred convicts and a guard of two hundred men and officers were landed in safety. It is needless to say that this convict colony, placed under the absolute control of a stern governor, to whom unlimited power was given, was soon the scene of every kind of abuse and vice.

Free colonists were not slow to follow the lead of the government, and between these emigrants and the governor there was a continual series of disputes.

In the course of time an "Anti-Transportation League" was formed, and in 1837 an order in council was issued abolishing transportation to New South Wales, and restricting it to Van Diemen's Land (now called Tasmania). Even here it was abolished in 1853.

The attention of the British Government became more and more attracted toward Australia, and surveys of the coast and interior followed each other in rapid succession. Among the men who have distinguished themselves in these coast surveys we may mention Flinders, Bass, Grant, Murray, Baudin, Freycenes and Flenders. Phillip, Tressel, Daniel, Hunter, Wentworth, Blaxland, Lawson, Evans, Jefferies, Keily, King and Oxly, distinguished themselves by their explorations of the interior.

Australia is now divided into seven colonies: New South Wales, Queensland, Northern Territory, South Australia, Western Australia, Victoria and Tasmania.

The discovery of gold, in 1851, caused a great "rush" to be made in the direction of Australia, and from that date its prosperity has steadily increased. In a year after the discovery of gold the population was 250,000, notwithstanding the distance from Europe and the great expense of the voyage. All kinds of business and agriculture were momentarily suspended, and every man, woman and child who was able to do so started away for the "diggings." Every article of food and clothing was imported from Europe, labor and merchandise advanced to prices to which there seemed no probable limits, and many years passed before Australian affairs resumed their proper course.

Among the many industries that have grown up the raising of sheep has the most prominent place.

The great sheep-runs, occupying immense tracts of land, have become a principal feature of the country. Merino and other fine breeds have increased with great rapidity, in Queensland alone from three to seven millions in the last ten years. Australia promises to be one of the most prosperous, happy, contented and healthy countries of the globe.

From its extreme western extremity, Steep Point, to its extreme eastern point, Cape Byron, its length is two thousand five hundred miles; and its breadth from Cape York, its northernmost point, to its southern extremity at Cape Wilson, is one thousand nine hundred miles. Its entire coast line embraces a circuit of eight thousand miles, and its estimated area is 3,000,000 square miles. The interior has only been partially explored.

It seems to have the character of a table-land of moderate height, studded with groups of small mountains, and sometimes sinking into low, swampy valleys. Large desert tracts, covered with stones or low shrubbery, are frequently found.

Near the coasts, however, luxuriant fertility prevails, and the varied surface of the country displays some of the most beautiful scenery of the world. There are a few ranges of mountains, among which the Australian Pyrenees, Grampian Hills, Australian Alps, Blue Mountains, Liverpool Mountains, Honeysuckle Range, Canobolas Group, Darling, Herschel and Victoria Ranges are the principal.

Very few of the rivers of Australia are navigable, and in most of them running water is only found during a small portion of the year. These streams are very peculiar in one respect, and that is the suddenness with which they disappear into a quicksand or marsh.

Among the chief rivers are the Murray, Murrumbidgee, Lachlan, Darling, Hawkesbury, Hunter, Clarence, Brisbane, Fitzroy, Burdekin, Glenley, Hopkins, Yarra-Yarra, Swan, Murchison, Gascoyne, Fortescue, Victoria, Alligator, Roper, and Flinders.

The Australian lakes consist, during the greater part of the year, of swamps full of weeds and grass, or of mere beds of mud or sand. Lake Torrens, Eyre, Gregory, Gairdner, Frome, are among the largest.

The climate of Australia is exceedingly hot, but dry and healthy in such southern parts as are already colonized. In the extreme north the climate is more oppressive, and the absence of large streams gives almost the arid air of a desert.

The animals of Australia are peculiar, both in themselves and in their distribution. The carnivorous animals are few, and the only really destructive beast of prey is the dingo, or wild dog. These dingos roam about in packs, after the manner of wolves, and attack sheep, killing and wounding many, but eating few. The country abounds in a kind of animal elsewhere but sparsely represented, called the kangaroo; also a smaller species of the same animal called the wallaby.

Most of our young readers are familiar with the form of that strange looking animal, standing on its hind feet and carrying its young in a pouch on its stomach, so we will not enter into any detailed description of the kangaroo. Another peculiar animal inhabiting Australia is the porcupine ant-eater. The birds include several of the largest species of eagles, falcons, and owls. Parrots of the most brilliant plumage, birds-of-paradise, and orioles are abundant; while among the peculiar birds are the emu, black swan, ibis and "laughing jackass."

Some of the serpents are venomous, and some of the "carpet" snakes are very large indeed.

It is said that nine-tenths of the eight thousand species of plants found in Australia are unknown elsewhere, and are entirely unconnected with any other form of vegetation. Acacias abound, many of these trees attaining a height of two hundred feet, with a growth at the base of thirty or forty feet. Gum-trees abound, and often reach the height of three hundred feet.

The most remarkable fact about Australia is, that though it possesses the finest flowers and most beautiful birds in the world, the flowers are entirely without fragrance and the birds without song. The famous "iron bark," or "iron wood," of Australia is one of its most remarkable features. This wood is so heavy that when thrown into the water it sinks immediately, and when thoroughly dry it will turn the edge of the sharpest ax.

The original inhabitants of Australia are of a distinct race, and are found only in the Australian islands, in New Guinea, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and the Solomon Islands. The Australians are black, with some slight variety of shade from brown-black to jet. They have curly hair, but not the crisp wool of the negro. They are very lazy, stupid and ignorant. It is found utterly useless to induce them to adopt European habits. They will not work or build houses to live in, preferring to roam about in the woods, living on roots, maggots and such birds and small animals as they can kill. They are the most degraded race of men upon the face of the globe. It is thought probable that until very lately they were quite ignorant of the use of fire, though they now kindle fires by rubbing two dry sticks together. They generally eat their food raw, but when they do cook they make a hole in the ground, make a large fire over it, and, when the fire has burned for some time, they scrape the ashes out of the hole, place the animal into it, cover it first with cold ashes and then heap the hot ashes upon the heap, and rekindle another fire on the top. They go about entirely naked, but the colonists compel them to put something on if they wish to enter the towns. At nightfall they are all hunted out of the place and not allowed to re-enter until the next morning.

The use of rum is making grave ravages among the natives, and they are slowly but surely diminishing in numbers. Their marriages are entirely without ceremony, the bridegroom merely carrying away the bride, with or without her consent. The dead are buried in the exact places in which they *died*, and the family never revisit the spot again. The names of the dead are never pronounced, and those bearing the same names are obliged to change them. They have one very strange belief, and that is, that white men are the souls of blacks come back to earth. It is, perhaps, through this superstition that they do not care to work, or do anything to improve themselves, thinking that when they die they will come into some rich white man's shoes. Some few of these blacks are employed as stockmen, or shepherds, but they are averse to regular labor of any kind.

[To be continued.]

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OUR LETTER-BOX.

J. HARVEY, Richmond.—The title of the article in the *Kappar Alpha Journal* is a misquotation. It should read: "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.

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N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 647.

1. Cl-ere-story. 2. S, Man, Merit, Saracen, Nicra, Tea, N. 3. Iv(o)ry, He(w)et, Ho(u)se, Da(n)ce, Po(u)nd, Th(r)ee, Li(c)re. 4. Crait, Raver, Azure, Ferry, Treya. 5. Male-diction. 6. Jargal, Apollo, Royale, Glarus, Allude, Losses. 7. A shadow. 8. Echo, Echo—EvE, CaustiC, HealtH. OhiO. 9. Kent, Ten, Pen, Pea, Tea, Eat. 10. Pen-i(ery)-tent.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 647.

1.—Harry M. Wheelock, Red Wing, Minn.
2.—A. C. Holden, Morrisania, N. Y.
3.—C. M. Greene, 1121 S. Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—SQUARE WORDS.

A large mansion; a living creature; fabrics; to fine; a dance; besides and a negative.

2.—SQUARE WORDS.

Fiction; fragrant; belonging to Morocco; stop; a vowel; more boisterous; a brilliant general and a vowel; a vowel and portions.

3.—ENIGMA.

Part of a handkerchief;
Seen in a clock;
Used very often to
Confer a knock;
Varied in writing 'tis;
Further the name
Of something you and I
Really can claim;
P'r'aps too a verb it is;
Stop though I will
Now, and my busy pen
Make to lie still.

4.—CHARADE.

Look for my first in every station;
My next's a common termination.
My third you see through thin or thicker,
'Tis also used for holding liquor.
For whole most ladies have a predilection,
'Tis useful, and much given to reflection.

5.—CHARADE.

My first is to bury—commit to the earth;
My next, cast by angler, needs a wide berth.
If in writing a deed you omit any word,
You must then do the whole as I have oft heard.

6.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. In hell and in heaven appears to view;
2. A mass or collection, I tell you, true;
3. To quickly go off, or depart in white;
4. Here shaped like a helmet is clearly traced;
5. The seat of a family, or place of birth;
6. Enjoy a boat-ride, then judge of his worth;
7. A fluid "the iron horse" ne'er 'd forego;
8. Of the eighth the cow's guilty, I truly know;
9. Ninth, number of dollars you'd like to possess. To have them, young gentleman, promenade west.

N. F. W.

7.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

In dining-rooms, now don't forget
Primals and finals will be set.

If you win a prize this you will be;
This burning mount but few can see;
The thirsty soil does this to rain;
The teacher learning doth this with pain;
This welcome word gives life again.

8.—METAGRAM.

I am a fish, but change my head,
And part of yourself you'll have instead;
Change head again, and you will see
A kind of spice I'll surely be;
Change head again, and you'll behold
A kind of cord made from silver and gold;
Change my primals once more, and, I trow,
A running match 'twill certainly show.

9.—CHARADE.

Second first is third, then surely he
Will never see his younger dare,
Though should my first combine the three,
He may on thousands daily gaze.
My first is always somewhat last,
And blessingly whole doth heaven send
On first in day-time to pass,
And will till time shall reach an end.

10.—CENTRAL DELETION.

Delete a fabric to wear and get a legal claim;
Delete greasy plain and gr'father's name;
Delete desires and lumber you obtain;
Delete a known power and a queer look you gain.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

A REMEDY FOR HEART-DISEASE.—A middle-aged man walked into one of the drug-stores in a certain village, and handing out to the clerk a half-drachm vial, filled apparently with white powder, asked him to tell him what it contained. It was labeled "For heart-disease—take three times a day." He said he took the vial from the pocket of a young man, who, he thought, acted strangely, and wanted to know its contents. The clerk took it to his prescription desk, drew out the cork, when he observed a thread following it attached to the cork. Drawing it out, he found at the end of the thread a minute mitten. The vial was lined with clean white paper, which gave it the appearance of being filled. The clerk replaced the mitten and cork, and handing it back to the man, told him that it was a well-known but harmless remedy for heart-disease, and that in most cases one dose was sufficient. The inquirer looked relieved, and walked away with his precious bottle carefully tucked in his vest-pocket. The girl that gave him that bottle won't be troubled with any more calls from him.

"THE way to make six cents go furthest," remarks the Pittsburg *Telegraph*, "is to buy a stamp and put it on a foreign letter."

WHEN can you be said to swallow glassware? When you buy a tumbler and goblet.

A GOVERNESS threatened to keep an unruly boy fifteen minutes after school. "I wish you would make it half an hour," said the appreciative youth, "for you're the prettiest teacher in this town."

THERE is a certain patho-s mingled with the politeness of the little boy who, on being asked by his Sunday-school teacher who made these everlasting hills by which we were surrounded, replied: "I really don't know, sir. I have only lived in the village about ten days, and haven't yet made any acquaintance."

THE OLD MAN'S NEW HAT.

We were coming up on the boat from Sea Breeze, says a contemporary, when we met a traveler, who was in the steam business out West. He wished to tell us about the old man.

"Old man always wears a silk hat," he said. "That is, he always keeps it standing on the office counter until he hears a boat whistle, then he grabs it up, claps it on his head, and shoots out of the office like mad. Well, one day he bought a new hat—glossy as light itself, stylish shape, white satin lining, just the tone. He set it down on the counter as usual, and some of the boys nailed it right down to the counter, tight as wax. Pretty soon, whee-oo-oo! boat whistled up the river, the old man grabbed his hat, yanked it off at the top, and sailed away with the fringed edges of the lining fluttering out of the top of his tile, and he never knew a thing about it until he came back to the office and his eyes fell on the top of his new hat, nailed down to the counter with four tenpenny nails."

The traveler paused here and looked out of the cabin window. We asked:

"Was he very mad?"

The traveler looked at us.

"Young man," he said, "I'll tell you what he said, word for word, if you'll promise solemnly to put it in your paper."

But we had some misgivings, and wouldn't promise; the traveler was obstinate, and so we never heard, and don't know what remarks the old man felt called upon to make. We can only guess at their general nature, and we are never very good at guessing.

THE DOOR QUESTION.—"I say, you leave that door open too much," said an excitable father to his son. "Well, how much open shall I leave it?" asked the boy. "I mean you leave it open too often," was the reply. "How often would you like it left open, sir?" asked the son. Then the father rose like one man, and the son disappeared.

HE GOT EVEN.

Last evening a tall, raw-boned, hungry-looking man, wearing the garb of a countryman, stepped up to the office of the Grand Hotel, and, after "rasting" with the register, on which he scrawled "R. Townsend, Newport, Ky.," he accosted Clerk Schuyler, and "reckoned he'd take a bit of supper," throwing down a dollar on the counter. The money was raked in by Schuyler, who said:

"You will find the dining-room on the first floor. Just go up those flights of stairs."

The stranger hesitated. He glanced at the place where the dollar was put; then he looked hard at the clerk, as it waiting for something.

"Right up stairs, sir," said the clerk.

"Boy, ah—well, don't I get any change back?"

"Change?"

"Yes; that's a dollar bill I gave you."

"Of course. That's all right. That's the regular charge for supper."

"A dollar for supper! Well!"

And then Mr. Townsend broke for that supper-room with a strange light in his eye and a look of firm determination in his face. Sitting down to the table he grapped his cowhide boots around the legs of the table and sailed in. He scooped the grub in with both hands, and kept it up for full half an hour. Those sitting around were soon attracted by the novel sight, and one matter-of-fact guest, thinking the man was eating on a wager, kept tally, and this was what he checked off on a bill of fare: Two cups of coffee, three plates plain bread, two plates fried mush, one plate corn beef, one plate chicken, one plate cold ham, two plates loin of veal, two plates broiled beef, three plates broiled ham, four plates fresh fish, three plates fried eggs, two plates fried potatoes, one plate baked potatoes.

The man who "scored" during this epigastric feat then took the record to Schuyler, who, after enjoying a hearty laugh at the expense of the hotel, figured on it, with restaurant prices as a basis, and found that his Newport friend had got away with just $4.05 worth.

AN Irish soldier called out to his companion, "Hollo, Pat, I've taken a prisoner." "Bring him along, then; bring him along!" "He won't come." "Then come yourself." "He won't let me."

"JOHN, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?" "Yes; but I don't think he can read it." "Why so, John?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room he axed me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head all the time."

FOR a sharp paper, and one full of good points, nothing beats a paper of pins, unless it is one of needles.

THERE is one time in a young man's existence when life is as sweet as brown sugar, and that is when he hires a sleigh and gets a pretty girl to hold the horse while he holds the girl.

"HOW MUCH are those tearful bulbs by the quart?" asked a maiden of a tradesman, the other morning. He stared at her a moment as if bewildered, but soon recovered himself, and bluffly said, "Oh, them inyuns? Tenpence."

A NORWICH man calls himself on his card a "Temperance Bootmaker." The need of the temperance boots is apparent; for, though they're not generally drunk, it's a notorious fact that they're often tight.

"MAMIE," said a mother to a little six-year old, "if I was a little girl like you I'd pick up all those chips." "Well, mamma," said the little one, "I ain't you glad you are not a little girl?"

THERE wouldn't have been any milk in the cocoanut if some of our dairymen had the construction of it.

PROFESSOR (describing an ancient Greek theatre): "And it had no roof." *Junior* (sure that he has caught the professor in a mistake): "What did they do, sir, when it rained?" *Professor* (taking off his glasses and pausing a moment): "They got wet, sir."

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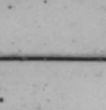

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LOSS OF THE STEAMER "FORTH."

THE *Forth*, a vessel of one thousand nine hundred tons, one of the largest of the magnificent fleet owned by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, which run between England and the West Indies, left Southampton for her seventeenth voyage on the 2d of September, 1865, under the command of Captain Sturdee, a careful and experienced officer.

She had had a successful passage. Having touched at Jamaica, where she took on board fresh passengers, and amongst them Lieutenant Molesworth, R. N., she was continuing her voyage, when, on the 13th of January, as she was approaching the Campeachy coast, Captain Sturdee, anxious to keep as far as possible from that dangerous lee shore, shaped his course as much to the northward as he thought would enable him to pass the Alacrane's rocks at a safe distance.

Lieutenant Molesworth has given us a vivid description of what occurred:

"While sitting on deck we had been talking about the wreck of the *Tweed*, which took place just two years ago, within about a month, and about a hundred miles from where we then were, and the captain was saying that we should not be off it till nine o'clock next morning.

"At eleven I retired to my berth. How long I had slept I could not tell, when I was suddenly awoke by a slight bump, then another, and again a most awful crash. The first two clearly told me what was the matter; indeed, I could not have been long in suspense, for people were rushing about the deck exclaiming, 'Oh, good God! we are all lost!' I got out of bed and put on as many things as I could find in the dark, seized an ax, and with difficulty cut my way out of the cabin, and helped my wife and child to reach the deck.

"The crashes now became fearful, and the vessel seemed to be going to pieces fast. As I was springing on deck I heard cries, 'Stand clear of the mast—she is breaking up!' and such-like sounds. At this moment I remembered my watch; I therefore returned to the cabin, and placing it round my neck, hastened on deck. I was about the last up, and found most of the people in their night-dresses, clinging to the masts, ropes, and sides of the vessel, some crying, others praying.

"Never shall I forget that scene. The ship now swung from side to side, the decks working and the timbers breaking. It was perfectly impossible to stand on deck. On looking round a frightful scene presented itself. Nothing, as far as the eye could see, but a ridge of breakers; no land anywhere. The rock through her bottom into the engine-room soon put an end to the order issued by the captain of 'Turn her head full power!' which I could see was useless.

"The engines stopped of themselves, the water ran out at the bottom of the boiler, and the sea rising inside soon put out the fires; so there we lay, powerless as a log, in the midst of the breakers on the top of the rocks, the sea every now and then lifting her, and then sending her down with renewed force and a heavy crash on the rocks again.

"To see the decks opening and shutting, and the passengers crying to God for assistance and forgiveness; to see the mothers holding their children, and husbands and wives taking leave of each other, is a sight more easily imagined than described. I knew that we should probably all be lost, especially as I had seen the chart, and discovered that there was no land within seventy miles; but still I did not despair.

"I observed to the captain that it was an ugly-looking job, and said I should go to my cabin and get such things as might be useful if we got clear of the rocks. He said, 'Mind what you are about, for I expect she will go to pieces directly.' However, I went to my cabin, struck a light, and opening my desk, took everything not too heavy to convey about my person. I again proceeded on deck, where I found everything much as I left it, except that the paddle-box boat had been launched in safety.

"I then endeavored to console my wife, the ladies and passengers by telling them there was no immediate danger, and not to give way to despair, and I managed to get some of them aft out of the way of the mainmast, which seemed inclined to come down by the run, and in doing this I experienced many heavy thumps on the deck.

"I then went to the captain and pointed out the necessity of getting some of the people into the boats, and he asked me to take command of the large boat. This I of course agreed to do. The difficulty now was to get the ladies into the boat, which was no easy matter, for at times she was twenty feet below the bulwarks, and the next moment with three cheers by the despairing passengers; but no one could tell whether she was approaching or standing from us. Guns of distress were fired to attract her attention, but still the vessel seemed going away. I therefore once more left the boat to speak to the captain, and said, 'Why not try the reef? The wind is increasing and the sea getting heavier, and if the worst comes to the worst, our only chance must be to the reef. I will volunteer it in a boat, and if I succeed I will go for assistance to the vessel.' He replied, 'If you attempt it you will be dashed to pieces, for no boat can live in such a sea, and the rocks are scarcely under water.' I said, 'If I can get volunteers will you let me try?' to which he replied, 'Very well.'

"At this I jumped on to the bulwarks, and at the top of my voice asked for four volunteers. Some who were in the boat got out, and there was a pause for a moment; at last one said 'I'll go,' and then another. I got my four men. Taking off my coat and giving it to a man to take care of for me if I returned, I swung myself into the boat, wished all the people good-by, and then, to keep their spirits up, I gave a cheer to the men, and with a loud hurrah dashed into the breakers, which followed high and fast, but the men gave way.

"Just as we were over the worst she grounded on a rock; a towering sea was about to break, which would have swamped us, when she fortunately rose a little; one pull sent her ahead. The sea broke just astern, and striking me on the back, prevented the force of it coming into the boat; we

LOSS OF THE STEAMER 'FORTH."—"I GOT OUT OF BED AND PUT ON AS MANY THINGS AS I COULD FIND IN THE DARK, SEIZED AN AX, AND WITH DIFFICULTY CUT MY WAY OUT OF THE CABIN, AND HELPED MY WIFE AND CHILD TO REACH THE DECK."

closse to. There was a stout rope made fast to the deck, so taking a lady round the waist with one arm, and with the other holding the rope, I swung myself from the ship into the boat alongside. In this way I put every lady in the ship, besides four children, safely into the boat.

"Then came my friend, Mr. Martin, who, from infirmity and fear, had nearly lost his self-possession. He weighed about thirteen stone, and could not get into the boat, so I said, 'Take hold of me and hold on, and do as I tell you;' so he caught me tightly round the neck with both arms. 'Now,' I said, 'jump when I tell you,' which he did with a vengeance, for he took a spring that might have cleared the boat altogether, and as I could not well bear my own weight and his, we came down about ten feet together into the boat. Fortunately for him, I was underneath, and he has since told me that he never went more comfortably into a boat in all his life.

"I then took command of the boat, but finding a great lack of rope and other necessaries (to ask any one to get them was useless), I jumped on deck. After getting everything I wanted I again got into the boat, and made preparations to get round the ship's bow to seaward, which, had we attempted, many lives would have been lost, as I was going to try the reef; but just as we were starting a boat managed to get partly into the breakers, and was turned over and over, and the bare rocks could be discovered after the wave broke. The passengers in my boat became terribly frightened, and the captain called to me not to go on.

"A small vessel was now discovered, and hailed after offering up thanksgiving for safe deliverance from shipwreck.

"The boat being at length all clear, we again tried the breakers, and this time our labors were crowned with success, though we were more than half full of water when we got alongside, and I was the first person that returned to the wreck.

"After getting a few things of my own and some of the passengers', I recrossed the reef to go for the paddle-box boat, which I took command of, and brought her off in safety to the ship. I now got everything I possibly could for the comfort of the people when on shore at the little island called Perez, and having loaded the boats pretty considerably, the ship giving some most awful wrenches and twists, and working like a basket, which made us think she was going, we left her and pulled away to the island.

"On our arrival there every one came up to thank me and shake hands, declaring that I had saved their lives; for had I not crossed the reef they most probably would have tried to go aboard of the vessel, and I am sure many would have been lost. As it was, there were only two men hurt; one broke his arm and the other smashed his fingers.

"We found the island to be about a mile in circumference, with two wretched huts, letting the daylight in all round, but luckily furnished with six barrels of water. Passengers and crew, we were in all one hundred and thirty-six. We were afraid the provisions would fall short, so we were put on allowance of half a pint of water and three biscuits about the size of a dollar, each. We then threw ourselves down on the ground and tried to sleep.

"Many slept well that night, but I was far too much fatigued; my arms and neck were so burnt with the sun, and the skin of the inside of my hands, that I could not sleep.

"We found a small brigantine, which we engaged to take us to Campeachy, and the next day they went to the wreck and succeeded in getting provisions and water, and a great deal of passengers' baggage, amongst which I got some of mine. I was so stiff that I could scarcely move, but the next day I went off to the wreck and got some more of my things, beside lots of provisions. A Spaniard and myself crossed the reef in a small boat, and were only capsized once; altogether I crossed the reef thirteen times.

"Having got as many things as we could from the wreck, on the night of the 16th we embarked on board the *Isabella* brigantine, and on the 17th sailed for Campeachy, where we arrived on the evening of the 18th."

Greatly owing to the courage and presence of mind of Lieutenant Molesworth in making his way over the reef, and thus reaching smooth water, not one of the large number of human beings on board the ship was lost.

The ship herself was a complete wreck; though, the weather being fine, many weeks passed before she finally went to pieces.

THE MIND.—Our minds are like certain drugs and perfumes, which must be crushed before they evince their vigor and put forth their virtues